THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth,
The Muſe, diſdaining idle themes, attempts
To ſing----------
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might theſe his rural notes, to future time
Boaſt of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Roſe to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muſe,
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome,
A ſtranger to the fair Caſtalian ſprings,
Whence happier poets inſpiration draw,
And the ſweet magic of perſuaſive ſong,
The weak preſumption, the fond hope expires.

Agriculture, Canto I. II.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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LIFE OF DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY, born in 1703, was a native of the town of Mansfield, in the County of Nottingham, and though deſcended from parents whoſe circumſtances could not admit of their giving him a claſſical education, he gave ſuch early proofs of extraordinary talents as recommended him to the notice of many perſons, eminent both for their rank and abilities.

In the humble ſphere of footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, he produced ſeveral little poetical pieces, which being favourably received, he was induced to publiſh, under the title of *The Muſe in Livery*. The work was dedicated to the lady whom he ſerved, and honoured by a very reſpectable liſt of ſubſcribers. It appears from the account of Dr. Johnſon that our author had been for ſome time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope. "When Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead came out," ſays the Doctor, as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "one of which was between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodſley ſaid to me, I knew Dartineuf well, I was once his footman."

His reputation was much enhanced by a dramatic piece which he wrote, entitled *The Toy Shop*, founded on Randolph's celebrated Comedy called *The Muſes Looking Glaſs*. Pope was ſo much pleaſed with this effort of Dodſley, for the point of the ſatire and the ſimplicity of the deſign, that he became the author's patron, and uſed his influence to have it brought on the ſtage without delay. It was performed at Covent Garden theatre in 1735, with univerſal applauſe, and, when printed, very favourably received by the public, as one of the moſt juſt, and, at the ſame time, moſt candid rebukes that faſhionable folly has, perhaps, ever met with. The liberal ſanction which Pope afforded to Dodſley gave riſe to the following malignant lines from the pen of Curl, in 1737.

"'Tis kind a *Livery Muſe* to aid,
"Who ſcribbles farces to augment his trade,
"When you and Spence and Glover drive the nail,
"The devil's in it if the plot ſhould fail."

The conduct of Dodſley, much to his honour, proved, contrary to the received maxim, that talents and œconomy are not incompatible qualities; for he applied the money he acquired by his firſt publication and the ſucceſs of his *Toy-Shop* to very laudable purpoſes. Inſtead of relying ſolely on his own talents for a livelihood, he embarked in an undertaking congenial with his diſpoſition, and favourable to his connection with men

of letters. In 1735, he commenced the trade of a bookſeller, in Pall Mall, and through the ſanction and countenance of Pope, and the reſpectability of his own behaviour, his ſhop ſoon became the reſort of perſons of the firſt rank, and he reckoned Cheſterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenſtone, Johnſon, and other diſtinguiſhed characters, in the number of his friends; ſo that in a few years he roſe to great eminence in his profeſſion.

But his attention to buſineſs did not occupy his time in ſo great a degree as to admit of no intervals for the purſuit of his genius as an author. In 1737, he produced a farce, called *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*; which was performed at the theatre in Drury Lane, and received with univerſal approbation. The plot is founded on a traditional ſtory in the reign of Henry II. which the author wrought into a very pleaſing drama, embracing the combined excellence of entertainment and inſtruction. The dialogue is appropriate to the characters, the ſatire pointed, though not perſonal; the ſentiments do honour to humanity, and the cataſtrophe is perfectly ſimple, affecting and juſt. He ſeems to have derived an additional pleaſure from the choice of his ſubject, particularly as the ſcene lies in and near the Miller's houſe in Sherwood Foreſt, near Nottingham and at a ſhort diſtance from the place of his nativity.

"O native *Sherwood!* happy were thy bard,
"Might theſe his rural notes to future times
"Boaſt of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
"Roſe to their tuneful melody------

The year following he produced at the ſame theatre his *Sir John Cockle at Court*, as a ſequel to the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*. In this piece the Miller, lately knighted, is brought up to London with his family to pay his compliments to the King. It did not however produce the ſame effect as the former, for though the device of the king's diſguiſing himſelf to put the integrity of the miller to the teſt, and the infallible proof given of it in the reſiſtance of every temptation of bribery and flattery is certainly deſerving a high degree of approbation, yet there is a ſimplicity and fitneſs for the drama in the turn of the former production which it ſeems impoſſible to attach to the circumſtances attending the knighted Miller's appearance at court. It muſt however be admitted, that theſe farces, taken in a connected point of view, exhibit a ſtriking contraſt between the blunt honeſty of ruſtic manners, and the ſplendid fineſſe of court ceremony. They are interſperſed with ſeveral pleaſing ſongs. According to Mr. Victor's account, in his Hiſtory of the Stage, Dodſley's ballad farce, entitled *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, was performed at Drury Lane in 1740; but it does not appear to have met with much ſucceſs.

In 1744, the curious in dramatic productions were highly gratified by his publishing *A Collection of Plays by Old Authors*. The plan was greatly improved by Mr. Reed, who, in 1780, published a second edition, in which, besides a very appropriate preface, and several excellent notes, some plays previously inserted are rejected, and others introduced in their room. Mr. Reed, in his choice, has discovered much judgment and discrimination.

The following year our author produced a dramatic piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which seems to be an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime; but there is no mention of its having been represented at any of our theatres. In 1746, he published a work in three volumes octavo, entitled *The Museum*, or *Literary and Historical Register*. In this he was favoured with the assistance of Dr. Johnson and other men of genius and learning. And in 1748, he collected his several dramatic pieces which had been separately printed, and published them in one volume octavo, under the modest title of *Trifles*.

The signing of the treaty of peace at Aix-la Chapelle in 1749, gave rise to his *Triumph of Peace*, a Masque, which was set to Music by Dr. Arne, and performed with applause at the theatre in Drury Lane.

In 1750, he published a small work under the title of "The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin, to which is prefixed an Account of the manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered in a letter from an English Gentleman now residing in China, to the Earl of ***." This work was received with great approbation; for, besides its apocryphal introduction to the public, it derived a temporary popularity from its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield; a supposition which was strengthened by a letter that had been addressed to his Lordship by Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, in which she had complimented him on being the author of "The whole Duty of Man." It seems that the power of literary fashion procured *The Economy of Human Life* a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a degree of applause, it would not have obtained, if it had been known to have been the production of a bookseller. The work certainly possesses a great share of merit. The subjects are well chosen; the advice is good; the style is succinct, and frequently nervous; and it is admirably adapted to inculcate lessons of morality and virtue.* The popularity of Dodsley's *Economy of Human Life* produced a number of imitations. "The Economy of a Winter's Day." "The Economy of Fe-

* The Economy of Human Life is inserted in the Sacred Classics, which form a part of our Pocket Library.

male Life." "The Economy of the Sexes." "Complete Economy for the Female Sex, 1751, and the Economy of the Mind 1767."

In 1752, he publiſhed a *Collection of Poems*, by eminent bards, vol. 1ſt, 2d, and 3d. duodecimo. Several of his own little pieces are inſerted at the cloſe of the third volume. The fourth volume of this elegant and valuable miſcellany appeared in 1755; and the fifth and ſixth volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it conſiſts are not all equally valuable, but perhaps a more excellent miſcellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable ſervice to the cauſe of genius and taſte, as it has been the means of preſerving ſeveral productions of merit which might otherwiſe have ſunk into oblivion.

The ſubject of his next publication was *Public Virtue*, a didactic poem, which was intended to have been compriſed in three books, including *1ſt, Agriculture, 2d, Commerce, 3d, Arts.* Of this truly uſeful and valuable undertaking, the firſt book of *Agriculture* was publiſhed in 1754, and it was all that was accompliſhed by Dodſley. It is probable that the reception and ſale of this poem did not encourage him to complete his deſign.

Melpomene, or the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode, in quarto, was publiſhed in 1758, much read and admired at its firſt appearance, and has ever been eſteemed one of the happieſt efforts of Dodſley's Muſe.

The ſame year he introduced to the world, *The Annual Regiſter, or, a View of the Hiſtory, Politics, and Literature of the Year* 1758. This work including ſubjects of the higheſt importance to ſociety, was received with all the approbation to which it was juſtly entitled, and has been continued to the preſent time highly countenanced by the public.

The ſame year our author produced his tragedy of *Cleone*, at Covent Garden theatre, which was attended with the greateſt ſucceſs. The fable of this tragedy is founded on an imperfect hint taken from the "Legend de St. Genevieve," written originally in French, and tranſlated into Engliſh in the laſt century, by Sir William Lower. The piece in its firſt ſtate, in three acts, was ſubmitted by the author to the inſpection of Pope, who informed him that in early life he had formed the plan of a tragedy on the ſame ſubject, which he afterwards deſtroyed; and he adviſed Dodſley to extend his plan to five acts. From a motive of reſpect, perhaps, as well as intereſt, on the part of the author, it was firſt offered to Garrick, but he refuſed it, principally, as ſome have imagined, becauſe it contained no character in which he could have figured himſelf; but thoſe who remember the unbounded powers of that inimitable actor, will not admit of ſo illiberal and paltry a ſug-

geſtion. But whatever was the motive, he ſeems to have ſet his face againſt it, as he preſented himſelf to the public in a new part on the firſt night of its appearance. The play, however, roſe above all oppoſition, and brought crowded houſes during a very conſiderable run. Its ſucceſs was in a great meaſure attributed to the exquiſite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, in the character of Cleone, which was peculiarly ſtriking and affecting. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the Epilogue by Mr. Shenſtone.

The tragedy of Cleone, as a moral and intereſting drama, is ſtamped by the concurring opinion of the ableſt judges. "When I heard you read it," ſaid Dr. Johnſon to Mr. Langton: as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myſelf, I was more ſenſible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Dodſley himſelf, on this being repeated to him, ſaid "It is too much."

This piece was revived for the purpoſe of diſplaying the extraordinary powers of Mrs. Siddons, the leading actreſs of the preſent day, in the tragic department; and it is ſaid, that ſo ſtrong were the feelings which her exquiſite performance of Cleone excited on the firſt night of her acting it, that the houſe was thin on the ſecond night, and the play was dropped. It appears, from this obſervation, that the exquiſite performance of Mrs. Bellamy in 1758 had a different effect from the exquiſite performance of Mrs. Siddons, in 1793. That of the former conduced to the popularity of the play: that of the latter to its removal from the ſtage. Is human nature changed? or was the taſte of the public more or leſs refined in 1758, than in 1793?

The laſt ſeparate work publiſhed by Dodſley was "Select Fables of Æſop and other Fabuliſts, in three Books, with the Life of Æſop, and an Eſſay on Fable, octavo." This work greatly enhanced the reputation he had previouſly acquired. The elegant ſimplicity of the ſtyle, the propriety of the ſentiments, and the delineation of the characters, were highly admired: the firſt book contains ancient, the ſecond modern, and the third original fables; the ſtories in the third book are wholly invented by Dodſley and his friends. The Life of Æſop by M. Mezeriac is the only one that ſeems founded on probability; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of abſurd traditions or equally abſurd inventions.

The eſſay treats on fable in a regular manner, firſt with relation to the moral, ſecondly the actions and incidents, thirdly the perſons, character, and ſentiments, and laſtly, the language. This is one of the firſt pieces of criticiſm, in which rules are laid down for this ſpecies of compoſition drawn from nature; and theſe ſmall and pleaſing kinds of productions, that

were thought to have little other ſtandard than the fancy, are brought under the juriſdiction of the judgment. Dodſley has been ſo eminently ſucceſsful in his deſign, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be diſputed except only in a ſingle inſtance, in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Grapes," he ſays, "a fox ſhould not be ſaid to long for grapes, becauſe the appetite is not conſiſtent with its known character." It is not ſo in the eaſt. Dr. Haſſelquiſt, in his travels, obſerves, that the fox is an animal common in Paleſtine, and that it deſtroys the vines, unleſs it is ſtrictly watched. Solomon alſo ſays, in the Canticles, "Take in the foxes, the little foxes, that ſpoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Before he committed the eſſay to preſs, he ſubmitted it to the reviſal of his literary friends, and eſpecially of Shenſtone.

In 1761, he publiſhed a collection of *Fugitive Pieces*, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubb, Dr. Lancaſter, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in two volumes octavo; and, in 1763, he publiſhed the works of his valuable friend Shenſtone, in two volumes duodecimo, to which he prefixed a brief account of his life and writings, and added a beautiful and picturesque deſcription of the Leaſowes, the villa of that charming paſtoral bard. His *deſcription of Perſefield*, in a letter to Shenſtone, is preſerved in Hull's Select Letters, between the Ducheſs of Somerſet, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whiſtler, Miſs Dolman, Shenſtone, Dodſley, &c. in two volumes, publiſhed in 1788.

The fortune Dodſley honourably acquired by his profeſſion, enabled him to decline the active part of buſineſs, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Dodſley, who carried on trade with the utmoſt reſpectability ſeveral years after our author's deceaſe. In the decline of life he was much afflicted with the gout, to which at length he fell a martyr, while he was on a viſit to his friend Spence, at Durham, September 25th, 1764, in the ſixty firſt year of his age. Mr. Spence paid the laſt kind offices to the remains of his departed friend, who was interred in the abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inſcription was engraved on his tombſtone to perpetuate his memory:

If you have any reſpect
For uncommon induſtry and merit,
Regard this place,
In which are depoſited, the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY;
Who, as an author, raiſed himſelf
Much above what could have been expected
From one of his rank in life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was ſcarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and converſation.
He left this life for a better
Sept. 25, 1764,
In the 61ſt year of his age.

A second volume of our author's Miscellanies was published in octavo, 1772. The volume contains *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human of Life*. Such was the reputation of the *Economy*, &c. that the editions are too numerous to be specified. His *Agriculture*, *Melpomene*, and other poems have been received into a collection of classical poetry.

The character of Mr. Robert Dodsley was highly amiable and respectable: as a tradesman for his industry and integrity, as an author for his liberality and humility. Bearing in remembrance the encouragement with which he had been favoured, in early life, he was disposed to cherish rising genius in others, and embraced every opportunity of advancing the interests of literature, both as a patron, and a bookseller. There was no circumstance that did him more honour than an invariable principle of gratitude, which he demonstrated upon all occasions towards the persons and memory of those to whom he owed obligations for past services. Modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the qualities which first brought him into notice, after he had acquired a fortune sufficient to gratify every desire which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. He was so happy as to enjoy the friendship of men of the most eminent abilities, whose names are transmitted with eclat to posterity, by whom he was as much respected for his integrity, as for his genius. A candid and judicious writer, comments on his literary character in the following manner:

"As an author he merits honourable mention. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which frequently please more than an ornamented and laboured style. His prose is chaste and familiar. His *Essay on Fable*, evinces a sound judgment, as well as great ingenuity. In his drama, he always attended to the great end of blending entertainment with instruction; his plan always conveyed some general moral, and his satire aimed at some prevailing vice. His dialogue is easy, his plots are simple, his catastrophe interesting and pathetic. His poetical compositions show the powerful effect of genius, without the aid of learning. His subjects are well chosen; the diction is chaste and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

"His *Agriculture*, a Georgic, in three Cantos, is the most considerable of his works in verse. The subject must be highly entertaining to every one who is interested in the cause of humanity, and particularly grateful to every Briton; and though the eye of criticism may discern many defects, yet candour must admit of its possessing a number of beauties; and if there are some causes for censuring the poet, there are

more for commending the patriot. Indeed, to write a true Georgic is one of the greateſt efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to ſucceed in this ſpecies of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, taſte, and power of harmony. The general economy of this Georgic is judicious; it contains ſeveral exalted ſentiments, and the deſcriptions are often delicate and well expreſſed. But, at the ſame time, the diction is frequently too proſaic; many of the epithets are inadequate, and in ſome places ſufficient attention is not paid to the powers of verſification.

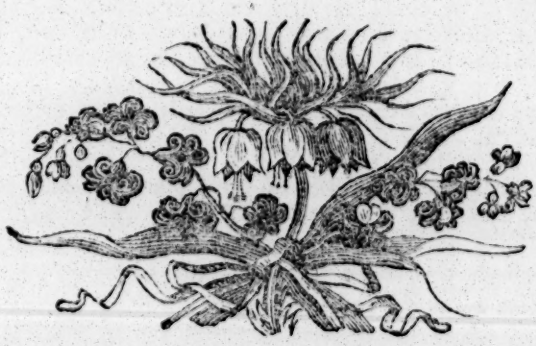
"In the firſt Canto, after having generally propoſed his intention, addreſſed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the genius of Britain, he proceeds to conſider huſbandry as the ſource of wealth and plenty; and, therefore, recommends it to landlords not to oppreſs the farmer, and to the farmer that he ſhould be frugal, temperate, and induſtrious. After giving an account of the implements of huſbandry, he deſcribes a country ſtatute, and introduces the Epiſode of *Patty*, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmers poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and ſuch other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the induſtrious labours of the huſbandman: and we are ſhewn how the cultivation of the former, and the deſtruction of the latter, continue alternately to provide him with buſineſs or amuſement; whence we are led to contemplate the happineſs of a rural life; to which ſucceeds an addreſs to the great to engage them in the ſtudy of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of the operations of nature on the vegetable world, with a philoſophical ſyſtem, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the Canto. The addreſs to the genius of Britain is pleaſing; and the deſcription of *the fair milk-maid* is exquiſitely beautiful.

"The ſecond Canto begins with inſtructions for meliorating ſoils, according to their diverſity, whether they conſiſt of ſand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly taken notice of, and thoſe of the Middleſex gardeners. Directions are alſo given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for the improvement and incloſure of lands; the reſpective uſes of the ſeveral foreſt trees are diſtinguiſhed; the advantages ariſing from plantations pointed out, and rules laid down for their ſucceſsful cultivation. To theſe ſucceed ſome obſervations on gardening, wherein the taſte for ſtraight lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. Theſe are ſucceeded by a few compliments on ſome particular gardens, as Chiſwick, Richmond, Oatlands, Eſher, Woburn, and Hagley. The apoſtrophe to the genius of Britain is happily introduced; and the deſcription of the gardens of Epicurus is rich and luxuriant.

"In the third Canto, are deſcribed hay-making, harveſt, and the harveſt home. A method is preſcribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt or taking fire. Several vegetable, foſſile, and mineral productions, peculiar to England, are praiſed. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a tranſition to the breeding and management of ſheep, cows, and horſes; of the latter there are deſcriptions according to their reſpective uſes; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two laſt, which are eminently beautiful, concludes the poem."

Of his other poems his *Melpomene* may be conſidered as the greateſt effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in ſublimity and enthuſiaſm with the lyric compoſitions of Dryden, Akenſide, Collins, Gray, and Maſon; having a more moderate degree of elevation and poetic fire. It is animated, without being rhapſodical, and joins ardent ſentiments and picturesque deſcription to correctneſs, harmony, and happy expreſſion. In the *Region of Pity*, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corſe of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally ſtriking and beautiful, and pregnant with a neceſſary moral caution.

"Of his *Art of Preaching*, in imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, the rules are well adapted and exemplified, and the verſification is ſmooth and elegant. His ſongs, in point of tenderneſs, delicacy and ſimplicity, are not inferior to any compoſition of that kind in the Engliſh language. Moſt of his familiar pieces may be read with pleaſure.



PREFACE

TO THE POEM OF AGRICULTURE.

IF the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry worthy the public attention, it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is farther confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistance of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest (the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry), his prospects of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these, and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All that he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men, as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public without the approbation of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan*. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion, and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would, in case of success, have increased his reputation, he hopes, if he hath failed, they will soften his disgrace.

* The author's original design was to have written a poem entitled "Public Virtue." In three books; 1st. Agriculture; 2d. Commerce; 3d. Arts. The first book was all that he ever executed.

MISCELLANIES.

AGRICULTURE: A POEM.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The propoſition. Addreſs to the Prince of Wales. Invocation to the genius of Britain. Huſbandry to be encouraged, as it is the ſource of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords, not to oppreſs the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His inſtruments of huſbandry. His ſervants. Deſcription of a country ſtatute. Epiſode of the fair milk-maid. The farm-yard deſcribed. The pleaſures of a rural life. Addreſs to the great, to ſtudy agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

OF culture and the various fruits of earth,
Of ſocial commerce, of the nobler arts,
Which poliſh and adorn the life of man;
Objects demanding the ſupreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who ſuſtains
The ſceptre of command o'er Britain's ſons;
The muſe, diſdaining idle themes, attempts
To ſing. O thou, Britannia's riſing hope!
The fav'rite of her wiſhes! Thou! O prince!
On whom her fondeſt expectations wait,
Accept the verſe: and, to the humbleſt voice
That ſings of public virtue, lend an ear.
Genius of Britain! pure intelligence!
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign
To guide the weal of this diſtinguiſh'd iſle;
O! wake the breaſt of her aſpiring ſon,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold deſign,
Who, in a daring flight, preſumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs ſhould purſue.
From cultivation, from the uſeful toils
Of the laborious hind, the ſtreams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illuſtrious youth!
To bring th' obſerving eye, the liberal hand,
And, with a ſpirit congenial to your birth,
Regard his various labours through the year:
So ſhall the labourer ſmile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.

The year declining, now hath left the fields
Diveſted of their honours, the ſtrong glebe
Exhauſted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honeſt gain, the cautious huſbandman
Surveys the country round, ſolicitous
To fix his habitation on a ſoil
Propitious to his hopes and to his cares.
O ye, whom fortune in her ſilken robe
Enwraps benign; whom plenty's bounteous hand
Hath favour'd with diſtinction! O look down,
With ſmiles indulgent, on his new deſigns!
Aſſiſt his uſeful works, facilitate
His honeſt aims: nor in exaction's gripe
Enthral th' endeavouring ſwain. Think not his toils
Were meant alone to foſter you in eaſe
And pamper'd indolence; nor grudge the meed
Which heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
The labouring hand of uſeful induſtry.
Be yours the joy to propagate content;
With bounteous heaven co-operate, and reward
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches ſpring.
As in a garden, th' enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from thoſe fair flowers
Which by its influence riſe; ſo in his breaſt
Benevolent, who gives the ſwains to thrive,
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.
But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful ſoil
Gives labour hope; where ſheltering ſhades ariſe,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;
Where arable and paſture duly mix;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the muſe,
And catch the moral leſſons of her ſong.
Be frugal and be bleſt; frugality
Will give thee competence; thy gains are ſmall,
Too ſmall to bear profuſion's waſteful hand.
Make temperance thy companion, ſo ſhall health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
To every uſeful work. And if to theſe

Thou happily ſhalt join one virtue more,
The love of induſtry, the glowing joy
Felt from each new improvement; then fair peace,
With modeſt neatneſs in her decent garb,
Shall walk around thy dwelling; while the great,
Tir'd with the vaſt fatigue of indolence,
Fill'd with diſeaſe by luxury and ſloth,
Impatient curſe the dilatory day,
And look with envy on thy happier ſtate.
  Prepar'd with theſe plain virtues, now the ſwain
With courage enters on his rural works.
Firſt he provides the needful implements.
Of theſe, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
Hence bread to man, who heretofore on maſt
Fed with his fellow brute in woods and wilds,
Himſelf uncultur'd as the ſoil he trod.
The ſpiked harrow next, to break the clods,
And ſpread the ſurface of the new plough'd field;
Nor is the roller's friendly aid unſought.
Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
T' encounter all the numerous hoſt of weeds,
Which riſe malignant, menacing his hopes.
The ſweeping ſcythe's keen edge he whets for graſs,
And turns the crooked ſickle for his corn.
The fork to ſpread, the gathering rake to ſave,
With providential care he treaſures up.
His ſtrong capacious wain, the dull ſlow ox
Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts;
While with his lighter team, the ſprightly horſe
Moves to the muſic of his tinkling bells.
Nor will his foreſight lack the whirling flail,
Whoſe battering ſtrokes force from the looſen'd ſheaves
Their hidden ſtores profuſe, which now demand
The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
With blaſts ſucceſſive, wafting far away
The worthleſs chaff, to clear the golden grain.
  And now compell'd to hire aſſiſtant ſtrength,
Away he haſtens to ſome neighbouring town,
Where willing ſervitude, for mutual wants,

Of hind and farmer, holds her annual* feaſt
'Tis here the toiling hand of induſtry
Employment ſeeks. The ſkilful ploughman, lord
And leader of the ruſtic band; who claims
His boy attendant, conſcious of his worth
And dignity ſuperior; boaſting ſkill
To guide with ſteadineſs the ſliding ſhare,
To ſcatter with an equal hand the ſeed,
And with a maſter ſcythe to head the train,
When the ripe meadow aſks the mower's hand.
Here too, the threſher, brandiſhing his flail,
Beſpeaks a maſter, whoſe full barns demand
A labouring arm, now ready to give up
Their treaſure, and exchange their hoarded grain
For heaps of gold, the meed of honeſt toil.
The ſun-burnt ſhepherd too, his ſlouching hat
Diſtinguiſh'd well with fleecy locks, expects
Obſervance; ſkill'd in wool, and leſſon'd deep
In all diſeaſes of the bleating flock.
Mix'd with the ruſtic throng, ſee ruddy maids,
Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
Or ſtroak the ſwelling udder; ſome expert
To raiſe from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf;
To maſh the malted barley, and extract
Its flavour'd ſtrength; or, with a houſewife's care,
To keep the decent habitation neat.
But now let looſe to revelry and ſport,
In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude,
The boiſterous ſwains, and hoyden nymphs provoke
Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
Is every ſwain, nor every ſylvan maid;
As Verulam the pleaſing tale records.
When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milk-maid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph; upon her brow
Sat virgin modeſty, while in her eyes

* This is called in the country a ſtatute, and is held annually at moſt market towns in England, where ſervants of all kinds reſort in queſt of places and employments.

Young ſenſibility began to play
With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either ſide her face in careleſs curls,
Shading the tender bluſhes in her cheek.
Her breath was ſweeter than the morning gale,
Stol'n from the roſe or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Through lips of living coral. When ſhe ſpoke,
Her feature wore intelligence; her words
Were ſoft, with ſuch a ſmile accompany'd,
As lighted in her face reſiſtleſs charms.
Her poliſh'd neck roſe rounding from her breaſt
With pleaſing elegance: that lovely breaſt!
Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, leſt gay deſire,
Who, ſmiling, hovers o'er th' enchanting place,
Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecſtacy.
Her ſhape was moulded by the hand of eaſe,
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While grace, following her ſteps, with ſecret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus ſhe walk'd
In ſweet ſimplicity; a ſnow-white pail
Hung on her arm, the ſymbol of her ſkill
In that fair province of the rural ſtate,
The dairy; ſource of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choiceſt vintage boaſts.
How great the power of beauty! The rude ſwains
Grew civil at her ſight; and gaping crowds,
Wrapt in aſtoniſhment, with tranſport gaze,
Whiſp'ring her praiſes in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne through the grove,
With quick vibration ſhakes the trembling leaves,
And huſhing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a ſpreading whiſper through the crowd.
Young Thyrſis hearing, turn'd aſide his head,
And ſoon the pleaſing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of num'rous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrſis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had ſeen no virgin he could wiſh to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart

Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No reſt the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his ſtruggling heart: her beauteous form,
Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleaſing anguiſh torture him. In vain
He ſtrives to tear her image from his breaſt;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his reſolves,
And binding all his ſoul a ſlave to love.
Ah! little did he know, alas! the while
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the ſecret ſigh.
For him ſhe dreſs'd, for him the pleaſing arts
She ſtudy'd, and for him ſhe wiſh'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nurſing ſad diſpair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durſt her modeſt eyes
Indulge the ſmalleſt glances of her flame,
Leſt curious malice, like a watchful ſpy,
Should catch the ſecret, and with taunts reveal.
Judge then the ſweet ſurpriſe, when ſhe at length
Beheld him, all irreſolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe theſe ſoft words into her liſt'ning ear.
"O Patty! deareſt maid, whoſe beauteous form
"Dwells in my breaſt, and charms my ſoul to love,
"Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
"Which from this hour devotes itſelf to thee:
"Wealth has no reliſh, life can give no joy,
"If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
Ah! who the ſudden tumult can deſcribe
Of ſtruggling paſſions riſing in her breaſt?
Hope, fear, confuſion, modeſty, and love,
Oppreſs her lab'ring ſoul:—She ſtrove to ſpeak,
But the faint accents died upon her tongue:
Her fears prevented utterance.—At length,
"Can Thyrſis mock my poverty? Can he
"Be ſo unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
"Too humble e'en to hope." No more ſhe ſaid;

But gently, as if half unwilling, ſtole
Her hand from his; and, with ſweet modeſty,
Caſting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her bluſhes, ſilently withdrew.
But Thyrſis read, with rapture, in her eyes
The language of her ſoul. He follow'd, woo'd,
And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her miſtreſs; ſoon their milky ſtreams
Coagulated, riſe in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
To her ſweet butter yield ſuperior praiſe.
But turn, my Muſe, nor let th' alluring form
Of beauty lead too far thy devious ſteps.
See where the farmer, with a maſter's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
In ſov'reign independence. At a word,
His feathery ſubjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage ſpread.
The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glitt'ring pageant to the mid-day ſun:
In the ſtiff awkwardneſs of fooliſh pride,
The ſwelling turkey apes his ſtately ſtep,
And calls the briſtling feathers round his head.
There the loud herald of the morning ſtruts
Before his cackling dames, the paſſive ſlaves
Of his promiſcuous pleaſure. O'er the pond,
See the grey gander, with his female train,
Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,
Rejoicing on the ſurface, clap their wings!
Whilſt wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The gloſſy pigeons chace their ſportive loves,
Or in ſoft cooings tell their am'rous tale.
Here ſtacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
Promiſe the future market large ſupplies:
While with an eye of triumph he ſurveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at winter's frown.
In ſilent rumination, ſee the kine,
Beneath the walnut's ſhade patiently wait

To pour into his pails their milky ſtores,
While pent from miſchief, far from ſight remov'd,
The briſtly herd within their fatt'ning ſtyes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
And broad-leav'd cabbage for the ploughman's feaſt.
  Theſe his amuſements, his employments theſe;
Which ſtill ariſing in ſucceſſive change,
Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.
Peace and Contentment with their guardian wings
Encloſe his nightly ſlumbers. Roſy health,
When the gay lark's ſweet mattin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy footſteps round the field;
And cheerfulneſs attends his cloſing day.
No racking jealouſy, nor ſullen hate,
Nor fear, nor envy, diſcompoſe his breaſt.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whoſe nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger, the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
Sailing around portentous; the rank ſtote
Thirſting, ah, ſavage thirſt! for harmleſs blood;
The corn-devouring partridge; tim'rous hare;
Th' amphibious otter bold; the weaſel ſly,
Pilfering the yolk from its encloſing ſhell;
And moles, a dirty undermining race.
Theſe all his foes, and theſe, alas! compar'd
With man to man, an inoffenſive train.
'Gainſt theſe, aſſiſted by th' entagling net,
Th' exploſive thunder of the levell'd tube,
Or toils unweary'd of his ſocial friend,
The faithful dog, he wages rural war;
And health and pleaſure in the ſportive fields
Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.
  O happy he! happieſt of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from ſlav'ry as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar buſtles for a bribe,
The purchaſe of his honour; where deceit,

And fraud, and circumvention, dreſt in ſmiles,
Hold ſhameful commerce; and beneath the maſk
Of friendſhip and ſincerity, betray.
Him, nor the ſtately manſion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or ſculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor ſhining heaps of maſſy plate enwrought
With curious coſtly workmanſhip, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of graſping av'rice, nor the poiſon'd ſweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmneſs on his old paternal fields,
And ſtands unſhaken. There ſweet proſpects riſe
Of meadows ſmiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The ſcenes of innocence and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreſhing groves, and murm'ring ſprings,
Invite to ſacred thought, and lift the mind
From low purſuits, to meditate the God!

Turn, then, at length, O turn, ye ſons of wealth,
And ye who ſeek through life's bewild'ring maze,
To tread the paths of happineſs, O turn!
And trace her footſteps in the rural walk;
In thoſe fair ſcenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of nature, and diſplays
The matchleſs beauty of created things.
Turn to the arts, the uſeful pleaſing arts
Of cultivation; and thoſe fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long deſpis'd.
Leave not to ignorance and low-bred hinds,
That nobleſt ſcience, which in ancient time
The mind of ſages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his works in agriculture's ſchool.

Then hear the muſe, now ent'ring, hand in hand
With ſweet Philoſophy, the ſecret bowers
Of deep myſterious nature; there t'explore

The cauſes of fecundity, and how
The various elements, earth, water, air,
And fire united: the enliv'ning ray
Diurnal, the prolific dews of night;
With all the rolling ſeaſons of the year;
In vegitation's work their power combine.
Whither, O whither doſt thou lead my ſteps,
Divine Philoſophy? What ſcenes are theſe,
Which ſtrike my wond'ring ſenſes? Lo! enthron'd
Upon a ſolid rock, great Nature ſits;
Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence
Receiving inſpiration. Round her head
A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
Her ſecret footſteps from the eyes of men.
Liſt! liſt! what harmony, what heavenly ſounds
Enchant my raviſh'd ear? 'tis ancient * Pan,
Who on his ſeven-fold pipe, to the rapt ſoul
Conveys the fancied muſic of the ſpheres.
See by his ſtrains the elements inſpir'd,
Join in myſterious work; their motions led
By active † fire, in windings intricate,
But not perplex'd, nor vague. And who are they?
What pair obeying in alternate rounds
The tuneful melody? majeſtic one,
And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
In ſhadowy ſilence, borne on raven wings,
Which, waving to the meaſur'd ſounds, beat time.
A veil obſcures her face; a ſable ſtole,
Be-deck'd with ſparkling gems, conceals her form;
As wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
The other, rais'd on ſwan-like ſpreading plumes,
Glides gaily on: a milk-white robe inveſts

* Mythologiſts have thought the univerſal nature of things to be ſignified by this god; and that his pipe, compoſed of ſeven reeds, was the ſymbol of the ſeven planets, which they ſay make the harmony of the ſpheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhave, and the other modern philoſophers, all the motion in nature ariſes from fire; and taking that away, all things would become fixed and immoveable; fluids would become ſolid; a man would harden into a ſtatue; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid maſs.

His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
Dwells brightness, while around his radiant head,
A shining glory paints his flying robe,
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.
Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
The varying seasons join the mystic train.
In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
Gay Spring advances smiling; on her head
A flow'ry chaplet, mix'd with verdant buds,
Sheds aromatic fragrance through the air;
While little zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
Of rip'ning harvest; in her hand she bears
A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek
The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:
Her thin light garment waving with the wind,
Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
The blushing fruits which Summer's sultry breath
Had mellow'd to her hand. A clust'ring wreath
Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
Adorns her brow. Her dew besprinkled locks
Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold;
Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
Shines the hoar frost, and icicles depend.
Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
Shivering he walks, his joints benumb'd and stiff;
And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.
And now great Nature pointing to the train
Her heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound
Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd
Her voice harmonious; and the listening muse,

Admiring, caught the wonders of her *theme.
" To God, ſupreme Creator! great and good!
" All-wiſe, Almighty Parent of the world!
" In choral ſymphonies of praiſe and love,
" Let all the powers of nature raiſe the ſong!"
' The wat'ry ſigns forſaking, ſee, the ſun,
' Great father of the vegetable tribes,
' Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray.
' When now the genial warmth earth's yielding breaſt
' Unfolds. Her latent ſalts, ſulphureous oils,
' And air, and water mix'd; attract, repel,
' And raiſe prolific ferment. Lo! at length
' The vital principle begins to wake:
' Th' emulgent fibres, ſtretching round the root,
' Seek their terreſtrial nurture; which convey'd
' In limpid currents through th' aſcending tubes,
' And ſtrain'd and filter'd in their ſecret cells;
' To its own nature every different plant
' Aſſimilating, changes. Awful heav'n!
' How wond'rous is thy work, to thee! to thee!
' Myſterious power belongs! ſummer's fierce heat
' Increaſing rarifies the ductile juice.
' See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,
' Th' elaſtic air impels the riſing ſap,
' Swift through the ſtem, through every branching arm,
' And ſmaller ſhoot, the vivid moiſture flows,
' Protruding from their buds the opening leaves;
' Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring air flows out
' In copious exhalations; and from whence
' Its nobleſt principles the plant inhales.
' See! ſee! the ſhooting verdure ſpreads around!
' Ye ſons of men, with rapture view the ſcene!
' On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,
' Cloth'd in ſoft mingling ſhades from light to dark,
' The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
' The hawthorn's whitening buſh, Pomona's blooms,
' And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,
' The varying ſcenes enrich. Hence every gale

* The philoſophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.

'Breathes odours, every zephyr from his wings
'Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
'Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
'From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
'From every flower and aromatic herb
'In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
'Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
'The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plumb,
'The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
'And thy rich nectar many-flavour'd pine.
'These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man!
'These, these to thee the gracious gifts of heaven,
'A world of beauty, wonder, and delight.'
" To God, supreme Creator! great and good!
" All-wise, Almighty Parent of the world!
" In choral symphonies of praise and love,
" Let all the powers of nature close the strain."

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving land. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from these superior themes,
O muse, in notes familiar teach the swain
The hidden properties of ev'ry glebe,
And what the different culture each requires.
The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
The falling moisture: hence the embryo seeds,
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
Correct this error of the ardent soil,
With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay

Give the looſe glebe conſiſtence and firm ſtrength.
So ſhall thy labouring ſteers, when harveſt calls,
Bending their patient ſhoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.
Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay?
Deſpair not, nor repine: the ſtubborn ſoil
Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
The hand of diligence. Here give the plough
No reſt. Break, pound the clods, and with warm dungs
Relieve the ſteril coldneſs of the ground,
Chill'd with obſtructed water. Add to theſe
The ſharpeſt ſand, to open and unbind
The cloſe-cohering maſs; ſo ſhall new pores
Admit the ſolar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive,
And yield a paſſage to the ſoaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots in queſt of food,
Find unobſtructed entrance, room to ſpread,
And richer juices feed the ſwelling ſhoots:
So the ſtrong field ſhall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.
But bleſt with eaſe in plenty ſhall he live,
Who heaven's kind hand, indulgent to his wiſh
Hath placed upon a loamy ſoil. He views
All products of the teeming earth ariſe
In plenteous crops, nor ſcarce the needful aid
Of culture deigns to aſk. Him, nor the fears
Of ſcorching heat, nor deluges of rain
Alarm. His kindly fields ſuſtain all change
Of ſeaſons, and ſupport a healthy ſeed,
In vigour thro' the perils of the year.
But new improvements curious wouldſt thou learn,
Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's* ſon,
Whoſe precepts drawn from ſage experience, claim
Regard. The paſture, and the food of plants,
Firſt let the young agricoliſt be taught:
Then how to ſow, and raiſe the embryo ſeeds

* The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkſhire, in his Horſe-hoeing Husbandry; or, an Eſſay on the principles of Vegetation and Tillage.

Of every different ſpecies. Nitre, fire,
Air, water, earth, their various powers combine
In vegetation; but the genuine food
Of every plant is earth: hence their increaſe,
Their ſtrength and ſubſtance. Nitre firſt prepares
And ſeparates the concreted parts; which then,
The wat'ry vehicle aſſumes, and through
Th' aſcending tubes, impell'd by ſubtle air,
Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
The fine terreſtrial aliment conveys.
Is earth the food of plants? their paſture then
By ceaſeleſs tillage, or the uſe of dung,
Muſt or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots:
But from the ſteams of ordure, from the ſtench
Of putrefaction, from ſtercoreous fumes
Of rottenneſs and filth, can ſweetneſs ſpring?
Or grateful, or ſalubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preſerve
Her purity from taint, amidſt the ſtews.
Defile not then the freſhneſs of thy field
With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller lend
Their better powers, to fructify the ſoil;
Turn it to catch the ſun's prolific ray,
Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent heaven.
Theſe ſhall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And toil's unceaſing hand full well ſupply
The dunghill's ſordid and extraneous aid.
Thus taught the Shalborne ſwain; who firſt with [ſkill
Led through the field the many-coulter'd plough;
Who firſt his ſeed committed to the ground,
Shed from the drill by ſlow revolving wheels,
In juſt proportion, and in even rows;
Leaving 'twixt each a ſpacious interval,
To introduce with eaſe, while yet the grain
Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
His new* machine, form'd to exterminate

* The hoe-plough.

The weedy race (intruders who devour,
But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil,
Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
And to its last perfection raise the crop.
He taught, alas! but practis'd ill the lore
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth,
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
His own philosophy disgracing, brought
Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.
Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth,
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.
Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour sees. Accumulated filth
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
Spring up uncheck'd; the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round,
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
Ah, why so near the path of innocents,
Should spring their bane? But thou alone art wise.
Thus hath the faithful muse his lore pursu'd,
Who trusting to the culture of his plough,
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith;
Experience to experience oft oppos'd,
Leaves truth uncertain. See what various crops,
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields

On Thames' prolific bank. On culture's hand
Alone, do theſe Horticuliſt's rely?
Or do they owe to London's rich manure
Thoſe products which its crowded markets fill?
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
Have ſpread the glory of their gardens wide,
A theme of wonder to the diſtant ſwain.
Hence the piazza'd* ſquare, where erſt, embower'd
In ſolemn ſloth, good Martin's lazy monks
Dron'd out their uſeleſs lives in pamper'd eaſe;
Now boaſts, from induſtry's rough hand ſupply'd,
Each various eſculent the teeming earth
In every changing ſeaſon can produce.
Join then with culture the prolific ſtrength
Of ſuch manure as beſt inclines to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marl impart
Its unctuous moiſture, or the crumbling† tan
Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,
Nor briſtly ſwine obſcene, diſdain to heap
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
Of fiery pigeons, of the ſtabled horſe,
Or folded flock, neglect. From ſprinkled ſoot,
From aſhes ſtrew'd around, let the damp ſoil
Their nit'rous ſalts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
From its black ſediment; and from the ſtreet
Its trampled mixtures rake. Green ſtanding pools,
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
Of unripe weeds,‡ afford a cool manure.
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
Its ſhelly ſands convey a warm compoſt,
From land and wave commixt, with richneſs fraught:
This the ſour glebe ſhall ſweeten, and for years,
Through chilly clay, its vigorous heat ſhall glow.
But if nor oily marl, nor crumbling tan,

* Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

† The bark of oak, after it hath been uſed by the tanner. It is frequently made uſe of for hotbeds, particularly for raiſing pine apples; and is called by the gardeners tan.

‡ If weeds are ſuffered to ſtand till they are ripe before they are made this uſe of, their ſeeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled ſtreet,
Nor weed, nor ocean's ſand, can lend its aid;
Then, farmer, raiſe immediate from their ſeeds
The jucy ſtalks of largely ſpreading pulſe,
Beans, buck-wheat, ſpurry, or the climbing vetch;
Theſe early reap'd, and bury'd in the ſoil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they ſprung.
Or ſow the bulbous turnip; this ſhall yield
Sweet paſture to the flocks or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.
Yet not alone to raiſe, but to ſecure
Thy products from invaſion, and divide
For various uſe th' appropriated fields,
Diſdain not thus to learn. For this, the ſloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand preſent
Their branches, and their different merits boaſt.
But from the nurs'ry then with care ſelect
Quick hawthorn ſetts, well rooted, ſmooth, and ſtraight:
Then low as ſinks thy ditch on either ſide,
Let riſe in height the ſloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richeſt mould.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant ſhoots from depredation deep,
At proper diſtance drive ſtiff oaken ſtakes;
Which, interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Fruſtrate the nibbling flock or brouzing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choak, by covering from the vital air,
The hoe's neat culture keep the thick'ning ſhoots,
Soon ſhall they riſe, and to thy field afford
A beauteous, ſtrong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thruſh,
Here, by ſecurity invited, build
Their little neſts, and all thy labours cheer
With melody: the hand of lovely May
Here ſtrews her ſweeteſt bloſſoms; and if mix'd
With ſtocks of knotted crabs, ingrafted fruits,
When autumn crowns the year, ſhall ſmile around.

But from low ſhrubs, if thy ambition riſe
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.
From ſeeds, or ſuckers, layers, or ſ-tts, ariſ
Their various tribes; for now explode! ſtands
The vulgar fable of ſpontaneous birth,
To plant or animal. He, then, who, pleas'd,
In Fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the ſhades their grandſire gave;
Or he whoſe patriot views extend to raiſe,
In diſtant ages, Britain's naval power;
Muſt firſt prepare, inclining to the ſouth,
A ſhelter'd nurs'ry; weil from weeds, from ſhrubs,
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fenc'd, and ev'ry peeling tooth.
Then from the ſummit of the faireſt tree,
His ſeed ſelected ripe, and ſow'd in rills
On Nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen froſts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wint'ry months
In embryo cloſe the future foreſt lies,
And waits for germination: but in ſpring,
When their green heads firſt riſe above the earth,
And aſk thy foſtering hand; then to their roots
The light ſoil gently move, and ſtrew around
Old leaves, or litter'd ſtraw, to ſkreen from heat
The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whoſe falſe kindneſs chokes,
Or ſtarves the nurſlings they pretend to ſhade.
When now four ſummers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nurſery, then tranſplant,
The ſoil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is deſtin'd to uprear its leafy head.
Avoid the error of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling ſhade
His hands ſhall raiſe, removes at vaſt expence
Tall trees, with envy and regret ſhall ſee
His neighbour's infant plants ſoon, ſoon outſtrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindled copſe.
But if thy emulation's gen'rous pride
Would boaſt the largeſt timber ſtraight and ſtrong!

Thick let the ſeedling in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; ſo ſhall each lat'ral branch,
Obſtructed, ſend its nouriſhment to raiſe
The tow'ring ſtem: and they whoſe vig'rous health
Exalts above the reſt their lofty heads,
Aſpiring ſtill, ſhall ſpread their powerful arms,
While the weak puny race, obſcur'd below,
Sick'ning, die off, and leave their victors room.
Nor ſmall the praiſe the ſkilful planter claims
From his befriended country. Various arts
Borrow from him materials. The ſoft beech,
And cloſe-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
And with a thouſand implements ſupply
Mechanic ſkill. Their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to ſurface o'er
The cabinet. Smooth linden beſt obeys
The carver's chiſſel: beſt his curious work
Diſplays in all its niceſt touches. Birch—
Ah! why ſhould birch ſupply the chair? ſince oft
Its cruel twigs compel the ſmarting youth
To dread the hateful ſeat. Tough-bending aſh
Gives to the humble ſwain his uſeful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
To weave our baſkets the ſoft oſier lends
His pliant twigs: Staves that nor ſhrink nor ſwell,
The cooper's cloſe-wrought caſk to cheſnut owes.
The ſweet leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
Poliſh'd with care, adds to the workman's art
Its varying beauties. The tall, tow'ring elm,
Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in ſecret ſtreams
Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;
Or from its height, when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal man to duſt.
And laſt the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her iſle! whoſe ſons robuſt,
The beſt ſupporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give.
Of ſtrength immenſe: or in the bounding deep
The looſe foundations lay of floating walls,
Impregnably ſecure. But ſunk, but fall'n

From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
The druid erst his solemn rights perform'd,
And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? where but to serve
Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
Her naked forests longing for your shade.
The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,
O prince belov'd! for thee more nobly born
Than for thyself alone, the patriot work
Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
The fair occasion to remotest time
Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
So shall thy country's rising fleets, to thee
Owe future triumph; so her naval strength,
Supported from within, shall fix thy claim
To ocean's sov'reignty; and to thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled earth,
Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
Let then the great ambition fire thy breast,
For this thy native land; replace the lost
Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
Survey young forests planted by thy hand.
Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
The * Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent,
From Sherwood's ample plains with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.
O native Sherwood, happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet, in 1588, called the invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

Yet ſure ſome ſacred impulſe ſtirs my breaſt!
I feel, I feel, an heavenly gueſt within!
And all-obedient to the ruling God,
The pleaſing taſk which he inſpires, purſue.
And hence, diſdaining low and trivial things;
Why ſhould I tell of him whoſe obvious heart,
To drain the low damp meadow, ſloping ſinks
A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with filtering bruſh-wood, furze or broom,
And ſurfac'd o'er with earth; in ſecret ſtreams
Draws its collected moiſture from the glebe?
Or why of him, who o'er his ſandy fields,
Too dry to bear the ſun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obſequious ſprings,
Which led in winding currents through the mead,
Cool the hot ſoil, refreſh the thirſty plain,
While wither'd plants reviving ſmile around?
But ſing, O muſe! the ſwain, the happy ſwain,
Whom taſte and nature leading o'er his fields,
Conduct to ev'ry rural beauty. See!
Before his footſteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently riſing, there deſcending ſlow
Through the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers beſprinkled paint the ſhelving bank,
And weeping willows bend to kiſs the ſtream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's ſecret ſhade reclines:
Where purple violets hang their baſhful heads,
Where yellow cowſlips, and the bluſhing pink,
Their mingled ſweets, and lovely hues combine.
Here ſhelter'd from the North, his ripening fruits
Diſplay their ſweet temptations from the wall,
Or from the gay eſpalier: while below,
His various eſculents, from glowing beds,
Give the fair promiſe of delicious feaſts.
There from his forming hand new ſcenes ariſe,
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
Lo! boſom'd in the ſolemn ſhady grove,
Whoſe reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
He views the moſs-grown temple's ruin'd tower.

Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluſter'd leaves;
The manſion ſeeming of ſome rural god,
Whom nature's choriſters, in untaught hymns
Of wild yet ſweeteſt harmony, adore.
From the bold brow of that aſpiring ſteep,
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
Their downward ſhadows in the graſſy wave,
What pleaſing landſcapes ſpread before his eye!
Of ſcatter'd villages, and winding ſtreams,
And meadows green, and woods, and diſtant ſpires,
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
To prop the canopy of Heav'n. Now loſt
Amidſt a glooming wilderneſs of ſhrubs,
The golden orange, arbute ever green.
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
Fair* opulus, to ſpring, to autumn dear,
And the ſweet ſhades of varying verdure, caught
From ſoft Acacia's gently waving branch,
Heedleſs he wanders: while the grateful ſcents
Of ſweet-bryar, roſes, honeyſuckles wild,
Regale the ſmell; and to th' enchanted eye
Mezereon's purple, lauruſtinus white,
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers diſplay
Their different beauties. O'er the ſmooth-ſhorn graſs
His lingering footſteps leiſurely proceed,
In meditation deep:—When, hark! the ſound
Of diſtant water ſteals upon his ear;
And ſudden opens to his pauſing eye
The rapid rough caſcade, from the rude rock
Down daſhing in a ſtream of lucid foam:
Then glides away, meand'ring o'er the lawn,
A liquid ſurface; ſhining ſeen afar,
At intervals, beneath the ſhadowy trees;
Till loſt and bury'd in the diſtant grove.
Wrapt into ſacred muſing, he reclines
Beneath the covert of embowering ſhades;
And, painting to his mind the buſtling ſcenes
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.
Genius of gardens! nature's faireſt child!

* The gelder roſe.

Thou who, inſpir'd by the directing mind
Of Heaven, did'ſt plan the ſcenes of Paradiſe!
Thou at whoſe bidding roſe th' Heſperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Caſtalian ſprings, and all th' enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: O where haſt thou been hid?
For ages where have ſtray'd thy ſteps unknown?
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the ſhore
Of Britain's beauteous iſle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join,
To aid thy pencil, favour thy deſigns,
And give thy varying landſcapes every charm.
Drive then † Batavia's monſters from our ſhades;
Nor let unhallow'd ſhears profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with ſymmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.
Baniſh the regular deformity
Of plans by line and compaſs, rules abhorr'd
In nature's free plantations; and reſtore
Its pleaſing wildneſs to the garden walk;
The calm ſerene receſs of thoughtful man,
In meditation's ſilent ſacred hour.
And lo! thy progreſs of the ſteps appears
In fair improvements ſcatter'd round the land,
Earlieſt in Chiſwick's beauteous model ſeen:
There thy firſt favourite, in the happy ſhade
To nature introduc'd, the goddeſs woo'd,
And in ſweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
The calm retreat, where weary'd majeſty,
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,
Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
On Oatland's brow, where grandeur ſits enthron'd,
Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
Of Eſher, where the mole glides lingering, loth
To leave ſuch ſcenes of ſweet ſimplicity.
In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay
Variety, where mingled lights and ſhades,

† Mr. Southcote's.
* The taſte for ſtrait lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

Where lawns and groves, and opening proſpects break,
With ſweet ſurpriſe, upon the wand'ring eye,
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
Where through romantic ſcenes of hanging woods,
And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
Thou rov'ſt enamour'd; leading by the hand
Its maſter, who inſpir'd with all thy art,
Adds beauties to what nature plann'd ſo fair.
Hail ſweet retirement! Wiſdom's peaceful ſeat!
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
Beyond the deafening roar of human ſtrife,
Th' * Athenian ſage his happy followers taught,
That pleaſure ſprang from virtue. Gracious Heaven!
How worthy thy divine beneficence,
This fair eſtabliſh'd truth! ye bliſsful bowers,
Ye vocal groves, whoſe echoes caught his lore,
O might I hear, through time's long tract convey'd,
The moral leſſons taught beneath your ſhades!
And lo, tranſported to the ſacred ſcenes,
Such the divine enchantment of the muſe,
I ſee the ſage: I hear, I hear his voice.
" The end of life is happineſs; the means
" That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
" From the vain phantoms or deluſive fear,
" Or ſtrong deſire's intemp'rance, ſpring the woes
" Which human life embitter. Oh, my ſons,
" From error's darkening clouds, from groundleſs fear
" Enfeebling all her powers, with early ſkill,
" Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
" Eſtabliſh in your breaſts her ſtedfaſt throne;
" So ſhall the ſtings of evil fix no wound:
" Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
" Nor life's diſaſters, nor the fear of death,
" Shake the juſt purpoſe of your ſteady ſouls.
" The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,
" To rein th' impetuous ſallies of deſire.
" He who the kindling ſparks of anger checks,

* Epicurus, who on account of teaching in his garden, was called the garden philoſopher; and his diſciples the philoſophers of the garden.

" Shall ne'er with fruitleſs tears in vain lament
" Its flame's deſtructive rage. Who from the vale
" Ambition's dangerous pinnacle ſurveys;
" Safe from the blaſt which ſhakes the towering pile,
" Enjoys ſecure repoſe, nor dreads the ſtorm
" When public clamours riſe. Who cautious turns
" From lewd temptation ſmiling in the eye
" Of wantonneſs hath burſt the golden bands
" Of future anguiſh; hath redeem'd his frame
" From early feebleneſs, and dire diſeaſe.
" Who let the griping hand of av'rice pinch
" To narrow ſelfiſhneſs the ſocial heart:
" Excludes fair friendſhip, charity, and love,
" From their divine exertions in his breaſt.
" And ſee, my friends, this garden's little bound,
" So ſmall the wants of nature, well ſupplies
" Our board with plenty; roots, or wholeſome pulſe,
" Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits; and from the ſtream
" The hand of moderation fills a cup,
" To thirſt delicious. Hence nor fevers riſe,
" Nor ſurfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
" With turbid violence, the veins diſtends.
" Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words,
" Who thus the ſenſual appetites reſtrain,
" Enjoy the *heavenly Venus of theſe ſhades,
" Celeſtial pleaſure; tranquil and ſecure,
" From pain, diſeaſe, and anxious troubles free.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Of hay-making. A method of preſerving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harveſt, and the harveſt-home. The praiſes of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's herbs. Eſculents. Medicinals. Tranſitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of ſheep, cattle, and horſes. Of feeding ſheep. Of their diſeaſes.---Sheep-ſhearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horſes. The draught-horſe---road-horſe---hunter---race-horſe---and war-horſe. Concluding with an addreſs to the Prince to prefer the arts of peace to thoſe of war.

WHILE thus at eaſe, beneath embelliſh'd ſhades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds, in ſlanting rows,
With ſtill-approaching ſtep, and levell'd ſtroke,

* He placed in his garden a ſtatue of the Venus Celeſtis, which probably he might intend ſhould be ſymbolical of his doctrine.

The early mower, bending o'er his ſcythe,
Lays low the ſlender graſs; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthleſs hand of time.
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and ſwains.
Wide o'er the field, their labour ſeeming ſport,
They toſs the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of zephyr; whoſe ſoft gale,
Now while th' aſcending ſun's bright beam exhales
The grateful ſweetneſs of the new-mown hay,
Breathing refreſhment, fans the toiling ſwain.
And ſoon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Reſound with merriment. The ſimple jeſt,
The village tale of ſcandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpoliſh'd wit, raiſe ſudden burſts
Of laughter from beneath the ſpreading oak,
Where thrown at eaſe, and ſhelter'd from the ſun,
The plain repaſt and wholeſome bev'rage cheer
Their ſpirits. Light as air they ſpring renew'd
To ſocial labour: ſoon the ponderous wain
Moves ſlowly onwards with its fragrant load,
And ſwells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of plenty, to enſure
From winter's want the flocks and lowing herds.
But do the threatening clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the ſun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moiſture from the fading graſs?
Or hath the burſting ſhower thy labours drench'd
With ſudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the riſing rick. The ſmother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent ſparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,
Till wide and wider ſpreading, they admit
The fatal blaſt, which inſtantly conſumes,
In flames reſiſtleſs, thy collected ſtore.
This dire diſaſter to avoid, prepare
A hollow baſket, or the concave round

Of ſome capacious veſſel; to its ſides
Affix a triple cord: then let the ſwains,
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtruſive barrier; raiſing ſtill
As they advance, by its united bands,
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midſt
An empty ſpace, the cooling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offenſive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, ſaves their food.
And now the ruler of the golden day,
From the fierce Lion glows with heat intenſe;
While Ceres in the ripening field looks down
In ſmiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The farmer views. Ah, gracious heaven! attend
His fervent prayer: reſtrain the tempeſt's rage,
The dreadful blight diſarm; nor in one blaſt
The products of the labouring year deſtroy!
Yet vain is heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers ſtand,
Arm'd with the ſcythe or ſickle:—echoes ſhrill
Of winding horns, the ſhouts and hallowings loud
Of huntſmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frighted ſenſe with dread. Near and more near
Th' unwelcome ſounds approach; and ſudden o'er
His fence the tall ſtag bounds: in cloſe purſuit
The hunter train, on many a noble ſteed,
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack
Burſt unreſiſted through the yielding hedge,
In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims:
The ruin of his crop in vain laments;
Deaf to his cries, they traverſe the ripe field
In cruel exultation; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one ſhort moment's ſport,
The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy inſults, thy injuſtice to the poor?
When taſte the bliſs of nurſing in thy breaſt
The ſweet ſenſations of humanity?

Yet all are not deſtroyers: ſome unſpoil'd
By fortune ſtill preſerve a feeling heart.
And ſee the yellow fields, with labourers ſpread,
Reſign their treaſures to the reaper's hand.
Here ſtands in comely order on the plain,
And cluſter'd ſheafs, the king of golden corn,
Unbearded wheat, ſupport of human life;
There riſes in round heaps the maltſter's hope,
Grain which the reaper's care ſolicits beſt
By tempting promiſes of potent beer,
The joy, the mead of thirſt-creating toil;
The poor man's clammy* fare the ſickle reaps;
The ſteed's light provender obeys the ſcythe.
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
The mid-day ſun: the laughing hinds rejoice:
Their maſter's heart is open'd, and his eye
Looks with indulgence on the gleaning poor,
At length adorned with boughs and garlands gay,
Nods the laſt load along the ſhouting field.
Now to the God of harveſt in a ſong
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd; while to his raviſh'd ear
The gratulations of aſſiſting ſwains
Are muſic. His exulting ſoul expands:
He preſſes every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feaſt, beneath ſome ſpreading tree,
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeaſur'd, unreſtrain'd,
A free libation to the immortal gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific ſoil.
Hail, favour'd iſland! happy region, hail!
Whoſe temperate ſkies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe; bleſſing thy ſons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choiceſt gift,
The taſteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd ſong, Silurian bard;
Affording to the ſwains, in ſparkling cups,

* Rye, of which is made a coarſe clammy kind of bread, uſed by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapneſs.

Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whoſe tendrils climbing round
The tall aſpiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendant cluſters; which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preſerves the potent draught. Thine to the plant,
To whoſe tough ſtringy ſtalks thy num'rous fleets
Owe their ſtrong cordage: with her ſiſter ſtem,
Her fairer ſiſter, whence Minerva's* tribe,
T' enfold in ſoftneſs beauty's lovely limbs,
Preſent their woven texture: and from whence,
A ſecond birth, grows the papyrean† leaf,
A tablet firm, on which the painter bard
Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
Embodies vocal air, and groups the ſound.

With various bleſſings teems thy fruitful womb.
Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
Thy foſſil treaſures riſe. Thy blazing hearths
From deep ſulphureous pits, conſumeleſs ſtores
Of fuel boaſt. The oil-imbibing‡ earth,
The fuller's mill aſſiſting, ſafe defies
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
The builder's ſtone thy numerous quarries hide;
With lime, its cloſe concomitant. The hills,
The barren hills of Derby's wildeſt peak,
In lead abound; ſoft, fuſile, malleable;
Whoſe ample ſheets my venerable domes,
From rough inclement ſtorms of wind and rain,
In ſafety clothe. Devona's ancient mines,
Whoſe treaſures tempted firſt Phœnicia's ſons
To court thy commerce, ſtill exhauſtleſs, yield
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
Thine honour'd§ name deriv'ſt. Nor want'ſt thou ſtore

* Minerva is ſaid to have invented the art of weaving.

† The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently uſed for writing upon; from whence is derived the name of our preſent material called paper.

‡ Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of ſo great uſe in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward ſays this foſſil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

§ The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion, that the Phœnicians coming to buy tin in the iſland of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the land or country of Tin; which being ſoftened by the Greek'

Of that all-uſeful metal, the ſupport
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence ariſe
In Dean's large foreſt numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenſer heat
Melts the hard maſs, which flows an iron ſtream,
On ſandy beds below: and ſtiffening there,
A pondrous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.
But the glad muſe, from ſubterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products ſtill remain unſung.
With fiſh abound thy ſtreams, thy ſheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert! and thy plains
The cloven footed race, in various herds,
Range undiſturb'd. Fair Flora's ſweeteſt buds
Blow on thy beauteous boſom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.
Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'ſt
The yellow-ſtaining weed, * luteola;
The † glaſtum brown, with which thy naked ſons
In ancient time their hardy limbs diſtain'd;
Nor the rich ‡ rubia does thine hand withhold.
Grateful and ſalutary ſpring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the ſimple meal,
Unſtain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
Unpoiſon'd with rich ſauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this the bulbous eſculents their roots
With ſweetneſs fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb ſpreads its leaves; and opening buds,

into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology ſeems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the iſles of Sicily Caſſiterides, which ſignifies in Greek, the ſame as Barat-Anac in Phœnician. *Rapin.*

* Wield, commonly called Dyer's Wood.

† Woad.

‡ Madder, which is uſed by the Dyers for making the moſt ſolid and richeſt red; and as Mortimer obſerves, was thought ſo valuable in King Charles the Firſt's time, that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath ſince been ſo ſtrangely neglected, that we now purchaſe from the Dutch the greateſt part of what we uſe, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, ſays, he hath been informed, of near thirty thouſand pounds a-year.

And flowers and ſeeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' enſanguin'd palate from its ſavage feaſt.
Nor hath the god of phyſic and of day
Forgot to ſhed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the ſalubrious leaf
Of cordial ſage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid ſmell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
Of creeping camomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative. In every brake
Worm wood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid digeſtion's ſickly powes, refine.
The ſmooth * althæa its balſamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's ſtrengthening root
Surrounds thy ſea-girt iſle, reſtorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled ſons,
† Hypericum, beneath each ſhelt'ring buſh,
Its healing virtue modeſtly conceals.
Thy friendly ſoil to liquorice imparts
Its dulcet moiſture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting aſthma find a ſure relief.
The ſcarlet poppy, on thy painted fields.
Bows his ſomniferous head, inviting ſoon
To peaceful ſlumber the diſorder'd mind:
Lo, from the baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black melancholy, flies;
And burning febris, with its lenient flood,
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In ſudorific ſtreams, that cleanſing flow
From ſaffron's friendly ſpring. Thou too can'ſt boaſt
The ‡ bleſſed thiſtle, whoſe rejective power
Relieves the loaded viſcera; and to thee

* Marſh-mallows.

† St. John's-wort.

‡ Carduus, called by phyſical writers, Carduus Benedictus.

The roſe, the violet their emolient leaves
On every buſh, on every bank, diſplay.
  Theſe are thy products, fair Britannia, theſe
The copious bleſſings, which thy env'd ſons
Divided and diſtinguiſh'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath juſt laws, enjoy,
Nor dread the ravage of deſtructve war;
Nor black contagion's peſtilential breath;
Nor rending earth's convulſions,—fields, flocks, towns,
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws:
Nor worſe, far worſe than all, the iron hand
Of lawleſs power, ſtretch'd o'er precarious wealth,
Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous, unreſiſted gripe.
  But further now in vegetation's paths,
Through cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops
The weary'd muſe forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future ſtrains aſpire,
And let the liſtening hinds inſtructed hear
The cloſing precepts of her labour'd ſong.
  Lo! on the other ſide yon ſlanting hill,
Beneath a ſpreading oak's broad foliage, ſits
The ſhepherd ſwain, and patient by his ſide
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant ſlope,
A landſcape pleaſing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he ſhelters from the riſing ſun,
Beneath the mountain's weſtern ſide; and when
The evening beam ſhoots eaſtward, turning ſeeks
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the ſweeteſt food
Of fallow'd fields he leads, and nightly folds,
T' enrich the exhauſted ſoil: defending ſafe
From murd'rous theives, and from the prowling fox,
Their helpleſs innocence. His ſkilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by ott
Repeated ſcratchings, will betray. This calls

For his immediate aid, the ſpreading taint
To ſtop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infus'd, affords a waſh of ſovereign uſe
To heal the dire diſeaſe, the wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: theſe, or with duſt
Or deaden'd lime beſprinkled thick, fall off
In ſmother'd crowds. Diſeaſes numerous
Aſſault the harmleſs race: but the chief fiend
Which taints with rottenneſs their inward frame,
And ſweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuiſance to the ſmell. This, this demands
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches loſt; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the roſy gums
Change to a yellow foulneſs; and the breath,
Panting and ſhort, emits a ſickly ſtench;
Warn'd by the fatal ſymptoms, he removes
To riſing grounds and dry the tainted flock;
The beſt expedient to reſtore that health
Which the full paſture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and ſandy plains, too far remov'd
Deny their aid: he ſpeedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimſtone mix'd,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, ſtops the dangerous malady.
Refulgent ſummer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the ſun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending ſhears,
The woolly people in full clothing ſweat:
When the ſmooth current of a limpid brook
The ſhepherd ſeeks, and plunging in its waves
The frighted innocents their whitening robes
In the clear ſtream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd ſtraw the bleating flocks recline
Till glowing heat ſhall dry, and breathing dews
Perſpiring ſoft, again through all the fleece
Diffuſe their oily fatneſs. Then the ſwain

Prepares th' elaſtic ſhears, and gently down
The patient creature lays; diveſting ſoon
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.
O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
More precious, more important is the fleece!
This, this the ſoild baſe on which the ſons
Of commerce build, exalted to the ſky,
The ſtructure of their grandeur, wealth! and power,
Hence in the earlieſt childhood of her ſtate,
Ere yet her merchants ſpread the Britiſh ſail,
To earth deſcending in a radiant cloud,
Britannia ſeiz'd th' invaluable ſpoil.
To ocean's verge exulting ſwift ſhe flew;
There, on the boſom of the bounding wave,
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair commerce rode
Sublime, the goddeſs of the wat'ry world,
On every coaſt, and every clime ador'd.
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her ſhore
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
From whence her penetrating eyes foreſaw
What mighty honours to her name ſhould riſe,
She beam'd a gracious ſmile. Th' obedient winds
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
Her ſumptuous car. But more convenient place
The muſe ſhall find, to ſing the friendly league,
Which here commenc'd, to time's remoteſt age,
Shall bear the glory of the Britiſh ſail
Cautious and fearful, ſome in early ſpring
Recruit their flocks; as when the wint'ry ſtorms
The tender frame hath prov'd. But he whoſe aim
Ambitious ſhould aſpire to mend the breed,
In fruitful autumn ſtocks the bleating field
With buxom ewes, that, to their ſoft deſires
Indulgent, he may give the nobleſt rams.
Yet not too early in the genial ſport
Invite the modeſt ewe; let Michael's feaſt
Commemorate the deed; leſt the cold hand
Of winter pinch too hard the new-yean'd lamb,

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
When fixing on the ſire to raiſe his flock!
His ſhape, his marks, how curious he ſurveys!
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
Give indication of internal ſtrength;
Be ſhort his leg, yet active; ſmall his head;
So ſhall Lucina's pains leſs pungent prove,
And leſs the hazard of the teeming ewe!
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
Thick, ſhining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns
You chooſe, not ſtraight, but curving round and round
On either ſide his head. Theſe the ſole arms
His inoffenſive mildneſs bears; not made
For ſhedding blood, nor hoſtile war: yet theſe,
When love, all-powerful, ſwells his breaſt, and pours
Into his heart new courage, theſe he aims,
With meditated fury at his foe.

In glowing colours, here the tempted muſe
Might paint the ruſhing conflict, when provok'd
The rival rams, oppoſing front to front,
Spring forth with deſperate madneſs to the fight:
But as deterr'd by the ſuperior bard,
Whoſe ſteps, at awful diſtance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; ſo by the thundering ſtrife
Of his majeſtic fathers of the herd,
My feebler combatants appall'd retreat.

At leiſure now, O let me once again,
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Reviſit; and the generous ſteeds which grace
The paſtures of her ſwain, well-pleas'd, ſurvey.
The lowing kine, ſee, at their 'cuſtom'd hour,
Wait the returning pail. The roſy maid,
Crouching beneath their ſide, in copious ſtreams
Exhauſt the ſwelling udder. Veſſels large
And broad, by the ſweet hand of neatneſs clean'd.
Meanwhile, in decent order rang'd, appear
The milky treaſure, ſtrain'd through filtering lawn,
Intended to receive. At early day,

Sweet ſlumber ſhaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
There from the ſurface of expanded bowls
She ſkims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich conſiſtence; nor diſdains,
Though ſoft her hand, though delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
The country-houſewife's name and praiſe.
Continu'd agitation ſeparates ſoon
The unctuous particles; with gentler ſtrokes,
And artful, ſoon they coaleſce; at length,
Cool water pouring from the limpid ſpring
Into a ſmooth glaz'd veſſel, deep and wide,
She gathers the looſe fragments to an heap;
Which in the cleanſing wave well wrought, and preſs'd
To one conſiſtent golden maſs, receives
The ſprinkled ſeaſoning, and of parts, or pounds,
The fair impreſſion, the neat ſhape aſſumes.
Is cheeſe her care? Warm from the teat ſhe pours
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
From the dry'd ſtomach drawn of ſuckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
Her ſpreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
The green whey riſes ſeparate. Happy ſwains!
Oh how I envy ye the luſcious draught,
The ſoft ſalubrious beverage! To a vat,
The ſize and faſhion which her taſte approves,
She bears the ſnow-white heaps, her future cheeſe;
And the ſtrong preſs eſtabliſhes its form.
But nicer cates, her dairy's boaſted fare,
The jelly'd cream, or cuſtard, daintieſt food,
Or cheeſecake, or the cooling ſyllabub,
For Thyrſis ſhe prepares; who from the field,
Returning, with the kiſs of love ſincere,
Salutes her roſy lip. A tender look,
Meantime, and cheerful ſmiles, his welcome ſpeak:
Down to their frugal board contentment ſits,
And calls it feaſting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and cloſer tie

The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
Each other's bliſs, and both in different ſpheres
Employ'd, nor ſeek nor wiſh that cheating charm,
Variety, which idlers to their aid
Call in, to make the length of lazy life
Drag on leſs heavily. Domeſtic cares,
Her children and her dairy, well divide
Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
Employment pleaſure. He, delighted, gives
Each buſy ſeaſon of the rolling year,
To raiſe, to feed, t' improve the generous horſe;
And fit for various uſe his ſtrength of ſpeed.
Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs, robuſt,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor ſpirits fire:
Him, to the ſervile toil of dragging ſlow
The burden'd carriage, or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his juſtice dooms.
Yet, ſtraining in the enormous cars which crowd
Thy buſtling ſtreets, Auguſta, queen of trade,
What noble beaſts are ſeen? ſweating beneath
Their toil, and tremble at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
Where feeling lives moſt ſenſible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every ſinew, every nerve
Stretch'd e'en to burſting? Villains!—but the muſe
Quick from the ſavage ruffians turns her eye,
Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,
And cool though ſprightly, to the travell'd road
He deſtines; ſure of foot, of ſteady pace,
Active, and perſevering, uncompell'd,
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.
But not alone to theſe inferior tribes
Th' ambitious ſwain confines his generous breed.
Hark! in his fields, when now the diſtant ſounds
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntſmen's ſhout,
Awake the ſenſe, his kindling hunter neighs,
Quick ſtart his ears erect, his beating heart
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his toſſing head;

And all impatient for the well-known ſport,
Leaps the tall fence, and liſtening to the cry,
Purſues with voluntary ſpeed the chaſe.
See! o'er the plain he ſweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
Obſtructs his eager flight; nor ſtraining hills,
Nor headlong ſteeps deter the vigorous ſteed:
Till join'd at length, aſſociate of the ſport,
He mingles with the train, ſtops as they ſtop,
Purſues as they purſue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.
Eaſy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boaſted lineage drawn from ſteeds of blood,
He the fleet courſer too, exulting ſhows,
And points with pride his beauties. Neatly ſet
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True ſpirit lives. His noſtril wide, inhales
With eaſe the ambient air. His body firm
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, ſhining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, though ſlender, brac'd with ſinewy ſtrength,
Declare his winged ſpeed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race
All emulous, he hears the claſhing whips;
He feels the animating ſhouts; exerts
With eagerneſs his utmoſt powers; and ſtrains,
And ſprings, and flies, to reach the deſtin'd goal.
But, lo! the boaſt, the glory of his ſtalls,
His warrior ſteed appears. What comely pride,
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions? See! exulting in his ſtrength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
Courage enthroned ſits, and animates
His fearleſs eye. He bends his arched creſt,
His mane looſe-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Clothing his cheſt with fury. Proud, he ſnorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Diſdainful ſeems to tread the ſordid earth.
Yet hears he and obeys his maſter voice,
All gentleneſs: and feels, with conſcious pride,
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand.

But when the battle's martial ſounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The ruſhing onſet; when thick ſmoke, when fire,
Burſt thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all inſpir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, ſeems
Impatient to expreſs his ſwelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he ſtands,
And mocks at fear. Then ſpringing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confuſion. Terror flies
Before his dreadful front; and in his rear
Deſtruction marks her bloody progreſs. Such,
Such was the ſteed thou, Cumberland, beſtrod'ſt,
When black rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny ſubdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the throne
Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering ſteel
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd.
And ſuch, O prince! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er inſidious France again preſume
On Europe's freedom, ſuch, though all averſe
To ſlaughtering war, thy country ſhall preſent
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the ſword of juſtice. Other cauſe
Ne'er ſhall ambition's ſophiſtry perſuade
Thine honour to eſpouſe. Britannia's peace;
Her ſacred rights; her juſt, her equal laws:
Theſe, theſe alone, to cheriſh or defend,
Shall raiſe thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the Britiſh lion's rage.
  But milder ſtars on thy illuſtrious birth
Their kindeſt influence ſhed. Beneath the ſmile
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd ſail
Fair commerce ſpreading to remoteſt climes;
And plenty riſing from th' encourag'd plough;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

SHOULD ſome ſtrange poet in his piece affect
Pope's nervous ſtyle, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd,
Prink Milton's true ſublime with Cowley's wit,
And garniſh Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit,
Would you not laugh? Truſt me, that prieſt's as bad,
Who in a ſtyle now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild whims of dreaming ſchoolmen vent,
Whilſt drowſy congregations nod aſſent.
Painters and prieſts, 'tis true, great licence claim,
And by bold ſtrokes have often roſe to fame:
But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
Serve only to make fools and children ſtare;
And in religion's name, if prieſts diſpenſe
Flat contradictions to all common ſenſe,
Though gaping bigots wonder and believe,
The wiſe 'tis not ſo eaſy to deceive.

Some take a text ſublime, and fraught with ſenſe,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent, with great delight
They flouriſh out on ſome ſtrange myſtic rite;
Clear up the darkneſs of ſome uſeleſs text,
Or make ſome crabbed paſſage more perplex'd:
But to ſubdue the paſſions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties they neglect.

Moſt preachers err, (except the wiſer few)
Thinking eſtabliſh'd doctrines therefore true;
Others, too fond of novelties and ſchemes,
Amuſe the world with airy idle dreams:
Thus too much faith, or too preſuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots, or freethinkers ſplit.

The very meaneſt dabbler at Whitehall
Can rail at Papiſts, or poor Quakers maul;
But when of ſome great truth he aims to preach,
Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach.
Young deacons try your ſtrength, and ſtrive to find,
A ſubject ſuited to your turn of mind;

Method and words are eaſily your own,
Or, ſhould they fail you—ſteal from Tillotſon.
Much of its beauty, uſefulneſs and force,
Depends on rightly timing a diſcourſe.
Before the L--ds or C-mm-ns—far from nice,
Say boldly—Brib'ry is a dirty vice—
But quickly check yourſelf—and with a ſneer—
Of which this honourable houſe is clear.
Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
To bring forth hidden truths, and make them known.
Yet in all new opinions have a care,
Truth is too ſtrong for ſome weak minds to bear:
And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
Let them from ſcripture plainly be deriv'd.
Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
For innovations, yet approve the ſame
In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are theſe
Called wiſe reformers, thoſe mad ſectaries?
'Tis moſt unjuſt: men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to ſpeak, to write,
Their various minds; yet ſacred ought to be
The public peace, as private liberty.
Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flouriſh green, now fall and diſappear.
Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling princes kiſs'd his ſacred toes;
Now he may damn, or curſe, or what he will,
There's not a prince in Chriſtendom will kneel.
Reaſon now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and ſickening error droop:
She the ſole judge, the rule, the gracious light,
Kind heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.
States to embroil, and faction to diſplay,
In wild harangues, Sacheverel ſhow'd the way.
The fun'ral ſermon, when it firſt began,
Was us'd to weep the loſs of ſome good man;
Now any wretch, for one ſmall piece of gold,
Shall have fine praiſes from the pulpit ſold:
But whence this cuſtom roſe, who can decide?
From prieſtly av'rice, or from human pride

Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble ſubjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.
Why was he honour'd with the name of prieſt,
And greateſt made, unworthy to be leaſt?
Whoſe zeal was fury, whoſe devotion pride,
Power his great God, and int'reſt his ſole guide.
To touch the paſſions, let your ſtyle be plain;
The praiſe of virtue aſks a higher ſtrain:
Yet ſometimes the pathetic may receive
The utmoſt force that eloquence can give;
As ſometimes, in eulogiums, 'tis the art,
With plain ſimplicity to win the heart.
'Tis not enough that what you ſay is true,
To make us feel it, you muſt feel it too:
Show yourſelf warm'd, and that will warmth impart
To every hearer's ſympathiſing heart.
Does generous Foſter virtue's laws enforce?
All give attention to the warm diſcourſe:
But who a cold, dull, liſeleſs drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other ſleeps.
In cenſuring vice, be earneſt and ſevere,
In ſtating dubious points conciſe and clear;
Anger requires ſtern looks and threatening ſtyle;
But paint the charms of virtue with a ſmile.
Theſe different changes common ſenſe will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach;
For ſhould your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different ſubjects be the ſame,
Deſpis'd and laugh'd at you may travel down,
And hide ſuch talents in ſome country town.
It much concerns a preacher firſt to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Among the citizens be grave and ſlow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple church aſks Sherlock's ſenſe and ſkill;
Beyond the Tower—no matter—what you will.
In facts or notions drawn from ſacred writ,
Be orthodox, nor cavil to ſhow wit:

Let Adam loſe a rib to gain a wife;
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life;
Let Moſes work ſtrange wonders with his rod,
And let the ſun ſtand ſtill at Joſhua's nod.
Let Solomon be wiſe, and Samſon ſtrong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's aſs a tongue.
But if your daring genius is ſo bold
To teach new doctrines, or to cenſure old,
With care proceed; you tread a dangerous path;
Error eſtabliſh'd, grows eſtabliſh'd faith.
'Tis eaſier much, and much the ſafer rule,
To teach in pulpit what you learn'd at ſchool:
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn ſleeves.
Some loudly bluſter, and conſign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or ſyllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without uſe or ends:
Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
T' enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine:
Inſiſt alone on uſeful points or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.
If you expect or hope that we ſhould ſtay
Your whole diſcourſe, nor ſtrive to ſlink away.
Some common faults there are you muſt avoid,
To every age and circumſtance ally'd.
A pert young ſtudent juſt from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reaſons with ſyllogiſm, perſuades with wit,
Quotes ſcraps of Greek inſtead of ſacred writ;
Or, deep immers'd in politic debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering ſtate.
Theſe trifles with maturer age forgot,
Now ſome good benefice employs his thought;
He ſeeks a patron, and will ſoon incline
To all his notions, civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day,
And, as that Scripture guides, muſt preach and pray.
Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right reverendly inclin'd.

Power and preferment ſtill ſo ſweetly call,
The voice of heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting biſhopric in view,
He's ſtrictly orthodox, and loyal too;
With equal zeal defends the church and ſtate,
And infidels and rebels ſhare his hate.
Some things are plain, we can't miſunderſtand,
Some ſtill obſcure, though thouſands have explain'd:
Thoſe influence more which reaſon can conceive,
Than ſuch as we through faith alone believe:
In thoſe we judge, in theſe we may deceive:
But what too deep in myſtery is thrown,
The wiſeſt preachers chooſe to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all human kind;
How Three is One, and One is Three combin'd;
How certain preſcience checks not future will;
And why Almighty goodneſs ſuffers ill:
Such points as theſe lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.
If paſtors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their ſleepy flocks begin to yawn and ſtretch.
Never preſume the name of God to bring
As ſacred ſanction to a trifling thing.
Before, or after ſermon, hymns of praiſe
Exalt the ſoul, and true devotion raiſe.
In ſongs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who ſpread the ſkies, and built the ſtarry frame:
Or thence deſcending view this globe below,
And praiſe the ſource of every bliſs we know.
In ancient times, when heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble anceſtors their voices rais'd,
And hymns of thanks from grateful boſoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good beſtow'd:
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of ſound the want of ſenſe ſupply'd;
Majeſtic organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a raree-ſhow:
Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.

Myſterious turnpikes block up heaven's highway,
And, for a ticket, we our reaſon pay.
Theſe ſuperſtitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild ſatire, and abuſe;
Religion and its prieſts, by every fool
Were thought a jeſt, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the coat* but tore the fringe away.
Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your firſt great aim.
Your ſacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the truſt, to teach mankind:
'Tis yours in uſeful ſermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God and what to man.
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,
His country's love in every breaſt to plant;
Yours every ſocial virtue to improve,
Juſtice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modeſty, content:
When ſuch the man, how amiable the prieſt;
Of all mankind the worthieſt and the beſt.
Tickliſh the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To pleaſe the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you ſhould the crabbed points explain
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and ſome the beaten path,
Morals pleaſe ſome, and others points of faith;
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whoſe diſcourſes truth and virtue join:
Theſe are the ſermons which will ever live,
By theſe our Tonſons and our Knaptons thrive;
How ſuch are read, and prais'd, and how they ſell,
Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's ſermons tell.
Preachers ſhould either make us good or wiſe,
Him that does neither, who but muſt deſpiſe?
If all your rules are uſeful, ſhort and plain,
We ſoon ſhall learn them, and ſhall long retain?

* Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.

But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you ſay.
  But prieſts are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none ſhould be ſevere:
All are not maſters of the ſame good ſenſe,
Nor bleſt with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errors with an honeſt mind,
Will meet with eaſy pardon from mankind;
But who perſiſts in wrong with ſtubborn pride,
Him all muſt cenſure, many will deride:
  Yet few are judges of a fine diſcourſe,
Can ſee its beauties, or can feel its force;
With equal pleaſure ſome attentive ſit,
To ſober reaſoning, and to ſhallow wit.
What then? becauſe your audience moſt are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or ſince the pulpit is a ſacred place,
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you preſume to tell a thouſand lies?
If ſo, we may forgive, but muſt deſpiſe.
  In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to ſee
One word of ſenſe, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hocker, Sprat or Tillotſon,
A thought unworthy of themſelves is ſhown,
I grieve to ſee it; but 'tis no ſurpriſe,
The greateſt men are not at all times wiſe.
  Sermons like plays, ſome pleaſe us at the ear,
But never will a ſerious reading bear;
Some in the cloſet edify enough,
That from the pulpit ſeem'd but ſorry ſtuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill-preaching ſpoil
Young's pointed ſenſe, or Atterbury's ſtyle;
Whilſt others by the force of eloquence,
Make that ſeem fine, which ſcarce is common ſenſe.
  In every ſcience, they that hope to riſe,
Set great examples ſtill before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;
Phyſicians Mead, and ſurgeons Cheſelden;
But all will peach, without the leaſt pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.

Why not? you cry: they plainly ſee, no doubt,
A prieſt may grow right-reverend without.
Preachers and preaching were at firſt deſign'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Public and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodneſs courted, and from vice reſtrain'd:
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each diſcourſe,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From theſe good men, the prieſts and all their line
Were honour'd with the title of divine.
But ſoon their proud ſucceſſors left this path,
Forſook plain morals for dark points of faith:
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different prieſts, were damn'd.
Some aſk which is th' eſſential of a prieſt,
Virtue or learning? what they aſk's a jeſt:
We daily ſee dull loads of reverend fat,
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who like Herring or like Hoadly ſhine,
Muſt with great learning real virtue join.
He who by preaching hopes to raiſe a name,
To no ſmall excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he muſt wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when complete in ſtyle, and eloquence,
Muſt then crown all with learning and good ſenſe.
But ſome with lazy pride diſgrace the gown,
And never preach one ſermon of their own;
'Tis eaſier to tranſcribe than to compoſe,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.
As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praiſe in a pocky bill,
Where empty boaſts of much ſuperior ſenſe,
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;
So the great H---nley hires for half-a-crown
A quack advertiſement to tell the town
Of ſome ſtrange point to be diſputed on:
Where all who love the ſcience of debate,
May hear themſelves, or other coxcombs prate.

When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They firſt of his capacities inquire.
If ſtoutly qualify'd to drink and ſmoke,
If not too nice to hear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jeſt,
This is a chaplain to his lordſhip's taſte.
If bards to Pope indifferent verſes ſhow,
He is too honeſt not to tell them ſo.
This is obſcure, he cries, and this too rough,
Theſe trifling, or ſuperfluous; ſtrike them off.
How uſeful every word from ſuch a friend!
But parſons are too proud, their works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too ſacred to be criticis'd.
And rather chooſe to let them be deſpis'd.
He that is wiſe will not preſume to laugh
At prieſts, or church-affairs; it is not ſafe.
Think there exiſts, and let it check your ſport,
That dreadful monſter call'd a ſpiritual court.
Into whoſe cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call:
Clerks, proctors, prieſts, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches ſticking, till they've ſuck'd you dry.

ON GOOD AND ILL NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

IN virtue's cauſe to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praiſe the virtues of the few,
And boldly cenſure the degenerate crew.
To ſcorn, with equal juſtice, to deride
The poor man's worth, or ſooth the great one's pride;
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, ſome there are ſo odd to think ſo ſtill.
Old-faſhion'd ſouls! your men of modern taſte,
Are with new virtue, new politeneſs grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honeſt face,
For ſmiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and ſharpers compliment each other.

To ſuch extent good-nature now is ſpread,
To be ſincere is monſtrouſly ill-bred;
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaiſance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good—'tis glorioufly true,
The moſt ill-natur'd man alive is you.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHESY.

WHEN dark oblivion, in her ſable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, ſubmitting to the ſtroke
Of time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten things:

Then (for the muſe that diſtant day can ſee)
On Thames's bank the ſtranger ſhall arrive,
With curious wiſh thy ſacred grot to ſee,
Thy ſacred grot ſhall with thy name ſurvive.

Grateful poſterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring ſage,
Pointing the place, ſhall cry, the bard liv'd there,

Whoſe ſong was muſic to the liſtening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly ſhame;
Eaſy his manners, but his life ſevere;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

Sequeſter'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
Beneath this ſilent roof the muſe he found;
'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſat and writ,
Here with his friends the ſocial glaſs went round.

With awful veneration ſhall they trace
The ſteps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend wonder view the ſolemn place,
From whence thy genius ſoar'd to nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall gem, or moſs, or ſhining ore,
Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their friends on every diſtant ſhore,
Boaſting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. POPE.

COME, ye whoſe ſouls harmonious ſounds inſpire,
Friends to the muſe, and judges of her ſong;
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,
Soar as he ſoars, ſublimely rapt along;
Mourn, mourn your loſs: he's gone who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Who now ſhall dare to lift the ſacred rod,
Truth's faithful guard, where vice eſcapes the law?
Who now, high ſoaring to the throne of God,
In nature's moral cauſe his pen ſhall draw?
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Vice now ſecure her bluſhleſs front ſhall raiſe,
And all her triumph be through Britain borne;
Whoſe worthleſs ſons from guilt ſhall purchaſe praiſe,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to ſcorn;
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

Ye tuneleſs bards now tire each venal quill,
And from the public gather idle pence;
Ye taſteleſs peers now build and plant your fill,
Though ſplendour borrows not one ray from ſenſe;
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

But come, ye choſen, ye ſelected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendſhip, join'd,
The ſocial virtues of his heart who knew,
And ſtated all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art
With ſounds to charm the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

And, O great ſhade! permit thy humbleſt friend
His ſigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condeſcend
To hear, well pleas'd, the weak, yet well-meant lay,
Lamenting thus: he's gone, who had the art [heart.
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the

RELIGION.

A SIMILE.

I'M often drawn to make a ſtop,
And gaze upon a picture-ſhop.
There have I ſeen (as who that tarries
Has not the ſame, a head that varies;
And, as in diff'rent views expos'd,
A diff'rent figure is diſclos'd.
This way a fool's head is expreſs'd,
Whoſe very count'nance is a jeſt;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiſer people ſport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculouſly grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the poſition,
You're frighted with the apparition:
A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead.
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accoſts the ſight;
Our eyes are charm'd with ev'ry feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.
Thus true religion fares. For when,
By ſilly or deſigning men,
In falſe or fooliſh light 'tis plac'd
'Tis made a bugbear or a jeſt.
Here, by a ſet of men, 'tis thought
A ſcheme, by politicians wrought,
To ſtrengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:

And theſe to ſhow ſublimer parts,
Caſt all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of prieſts, and politician's fools.
Some view it in another light,
Leſs wicked, but as fooliſh quite:
And theſe are ſuch as blindly place it
In ſuperſtitions that diſgrace it;
And think the eſſence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries;
In points of faith and ſpeculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With theſe it is a heinous crime
To cough or ſpit in ſermon time:
'Tis worſe to whiſtle on a Sunday,
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday;
To dine without firſt ſaying grace, is
Enough to loſe in heaven their places;
But goodneſs, honeſty, and virtue,
Are what they've not the leaſt regard to.
Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view:
Think it conſiſts in ſtrange ſeverities;
In faſtings, weepings, and auſterities.
Falſe notions their weak minds poſſeſs,
Of faith, and grace, and holineſs:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities:
They think, unleſs they're pure and ſpotleſs,
All their endeavours will be bootleſs;
And dreadful furies *in æternum*,
In unconſuming fires will burn 'em.
But O, how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To theſe it ſhines divinely bright,
No clouds obſcure its native light;
Truth ſtamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

KITTY.

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool ſhade, by the ſide of a ſtream,
Thus breath'd a fond ſhepherd, his Kitty his theme:
Thy beauties comparing, my deareſt, ſaid he,
There's nothing in nature ſo lovely as thee.

Though diſtance divides us, I view thy dear face
And wander in tranſport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, ſweet-ſmiling and pretty,
O gods! you've made nothing ſo fair as my Kitty!

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilſt in ſoft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me ariſe,
Shall yield to thoſe beauties that live in thine eyes.

Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and bloſſoms on every thorn;
But look on my Kitty!—there ſweetly does blow,
A ſpring of more beauties than Flora can ſhow.

See, ſee how that roſe there adorns the gay buſh,
And proud of its colour, would vie with her bluſh.
Vain boaſter! thy beauties ſhall quickly decay,
She bluſhes—and ſee how it withers away.

Obſerve that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteneſs unrivall'd, now droop and look pale;
It ſickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in ſubmiſſion to you.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool ſhade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are leſs grateful and ſweet than the heavenly air [dear.
That breathes from her lips when ſhe whiſpers—my

I hear the gay lark, as ſhe mounts in the ſkies,
How ſweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
I have muſic enough while my Kitty's below.

With pleaſure I watch the induſtrious bee,
Extracting her ſweets from each flower and tree:
Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each other's boſom we lie.

It glads me to ſee how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cheriſh'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are leſs pretty, my deareſt, than thee;
Their dams are leſs fond, nor ſo tender as me.

As I gaze on the river that ſmoothly glides by,
Thus even and ſweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and ſerene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are ſeen.

Here various flowers ſtill paint the gay ſcene,
And as ſome fade and die, others bud and look green;
The charms of my Kitty are conſtant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

But in vain I compare her, her's nothing ſo bright;
And darkneſs approaches to hinder my ſight:
To bed I will haſten, and there all her charms,
In ſofter ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

THE WIFE: A FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and ſweeten life,
And form that ſoft companion, call'd a wife;
Demand my ſong. Thou who didſt firſt inſpire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.
Hail, lovely woman! nature's bleſſing, hail!
Whoſe charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
To pour on all our woes has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy ſoft converſe, can his hours employ?

The dry, dull, drowſy bachelor ſurveys,
Alternate, joyleſs nights and loneſome days:
No tender tranſports wake his ſullen breaſt,
No ſoft endearments lull his cares to reſt:
Stupidly free from nature's tendereſt ties,
Loſt in his own ſad ſelf he lives and dies.
Not ſo the man, to whom indulgent heaven
That tender boſom-friend, a wife, has given:
Him, bleſt in her kind arms, no fears diſmay,
No ſecret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No huſband wrong'd, no virgin honour ſpoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell diſeaſe, no falſe embrace is here,
The joys are ſafe, the raptures are ſincere.
Does fortune ſmile? How grateful muſt it prove
To tread life's pleaſing round with one we love!
Or does ſhe frown? The fair with ſoftening art,
Will ſooth our woes, or bear a willing part.
"But are all women of the ſoothing kind?
"In chooſing wives no hazard ſhall we find?
"Will ſpleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate moleſt?
"And is all fear of cuckledom a jeſt?"
Grant ſome are bad: yet ſurely ſome remain,
Good without ſhow, and lovely without ſtain;
Warm without lewdneſs; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with ſenſe to guide.
Such is Fidelia, faireſt, fondeſt wife;
Obſerve the picture, for I draw from life.
Near that fam'd hill, from whoſe enchanting brow
Such various ſcenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and riſing towers among,
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the faireſt ſcene
Of ſmiling nature, when the ſky's ſerene.
Full ſixteen ſummers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every ſenſe, and waken'd every grace:
Her eye look'd ſweetneſs, gently heav'd her breaſt,
Her ſhape, her motion, graceful eaſe expreſt.
And to this fair, this finiſh'd form were join'd
The ſofteſt paſſions, and the pureſt mind.

ROME'S PARDON:

A TALE.

" If Rome can pardon ſins, as Romans hold;
" And if thoſe pardons may be bought and ſold,
" It were no ſin t'adore and worſhip gold."
Rocheſter.

IT happen'd on a certain time,
Two ſeigniors, who had ſpent the prime
Of youth in every wickedneſs,
Came to his Holineſs to confeſs;
Of which, the one had riches ſtore,
The other (wicked wretch)! was poor.
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven a nearer way
Than thoſe who all their life-time pray:
Which may effected be they hope,
By buying pardon of the Pope.
So calling freſh to mind their ſins,
The rich offender thus begins.
" Moſt holy farther, I have been,
" I muſt confeſs, in many a ſin.
" All laws divine I've thought a joke;
" All human laws for intereſt broke.
" And to increaſe my ill-got ſtore,
" Thought it no crime t' oppreſs the poor;
" To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
" Or any thing to gain my ends.
" But now grown old, and near to die,
" I do repent me heartily
" Of all my vile offences paſt,
" And in particular the laſt,
" By which I wickedly beguil'd
" A dead friend's ſon, my guardian child,
" Of all his dear paternal ſtore,
" Which was ten thouſands pounds or more;
" Who ſince is ſtarv'd to death by want,
" And now ſincerely I repent:
" Which that your Holineſs may ſee,
" One half the ſum I've brought with me,

" And thus I caſt it at your feet,
" Diſpoſe of it as you think meet,
" To pious uſes, or your own,
" I hope 'twill all my faults atone.
" Friend," quoth the Pope," I'm glad to ſee
" Such true repentance wrought in thee;
" But as your ſins are very great,
" You have but half repented yet:
" Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
" Unleſs the whole which thus you've gain'd,
" To pious uſes be ordain'd.
" All!" cry'd the man, " I thought that half
" Had been a pretty price enough."
" Nay," quoth the Pope, " ſir, if you hum
" And haw at parting with the ſum,
" Go, keep it, do; and damn your ſoul;
" I tell you, I muſt have the whole.
" 'Tis not a little thing procures
" A pardon for ſuch ſins as yours."
Well---rather than be doom'd to go,
To dwell with everlaſting woe,
One would give any thing, you know:
So th' other half was thrown down to't,
And then he ſoon obtain'd his ſuit;
A pardon for his ſins was given,
And home he went aſſur'd of heaven.
And now the poor man bends his knee;
" Moſt holy father, pardon me,
" A poor and humble penitent,
" Who all my ſubſtance vilely ſpent.
" In every wonton, youthful pleaſure;
" But now I ſuffer out of meaſure;
" With dire diſeaſes being fraught
" And eke ſo poor not worth a groat."
" Poor! quoth the Pope, then ceaſe your ſuit,
" Indeed you may as well be mute;
" Forbear your now too late contrition,
" You're in a reprobate condition.
" What! ſpend your wealth, and from the whole
" Not ſave one ſouſe to ſave your ſoul?

" O you're a ſinner, and a hard one,
" I wonder you can aſk a pardon:
" Friend, they're not had unleſs you buy 'em,
" You're therefore damn'd, as ſure as I am—
" Vicegerent to the king of heaven:
" No, no, ſuch ſins can't be forgiven.
" I cannot ſave you if I would,
" Nor would I do it if I could."
Home goes the man in deep deſpair,
And died ſoon after he came there;
And went, 'tis ſaid, to hell: but ſure
He was not damn'd for being poor!
But long he had not been below,
Before he ſaw his friend come too;
At this he was in great ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely could believe his eyes:
" What friend," ſaid he, " are you come too?
" I thought the Pope had pardon'd you."
" Yes," quoth the man, " I thought ſo too;
" But I was by the Pope trepann'd—
" The devil could not read his hand."

THE ADVICE.

DOST thou, my friend, deſire to riſe,
To honour, wealth, and dignities?
Virtue's paths though trod by few,
With conſtant ſteps do thou purſue.
For as the coward ſoul admires
That courage which the brave inſpires:
And his own quarrels to defend,
Gladly makes ſuch a one his friend;
So in a world which rogues infeſt,
How is an honeſt man careſs'd!
The villains from each other fly,
And on his virtue ſafe rely.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of Caroline,
Queen conſort of Great Britain,
Whoſe virtues
Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd;
Now dead, her foes confeſs and admire.
Her ambition aſpired to wiſdom,
And attained it;
To knowledge,
And it fill'd her mind.
Patroneſs of the wiſe,
And a friend of the good,
She look'd, and modeſt merit rais'd its head;
She ſmil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.
Religion, plain and ſimple,
Dignify'd her mind,
Deſpiſing forms and uſeleſs pageantry.
Morals, clear and refin'd,
Dwelt in her heart,
And guided all her actions.
Virtue ſhe lov'd, beneath her ſmile it flouriſh'd;
She frown'd on vice and it was put to ſhame.
In fine,
Her life was a public bleſſing;
Her death is an univerſal loſs.
O reader! if thou doubteſt of theſe things,
Aſk the cries of the fatherleſs they ſhall tell thee,
And the tears of the widow ſhall confirm their truth.
The ſons of wiſdom ſhall teſtify of her,
And the daughters of virtue bear her witneſs;
The voice of the nation ſhall applaud her,
And the heart of the king ſhall ſigh her praiſe.

THE PETITION.

THE various ſuppliants which addreſs
Their prayers to heaven on bended knees,
All hope alike for happineſs,
Yet each petition diſagrees.
Fancy, not judgment, conſtitutes their bliſs;
The wiſe, no doubt, will ſay the ſame of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And ſent for us t' admire below.
I firſt diſtinguiſh'd her from all the reſt,
And hope you'll therefore think my title beſt.

I aſk not heaps of ſhining gold,
No, if the gods vouchſafe
My longing arms may her infold,
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at beſt can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I aſk not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all the world t' outbrave;
The title I wou'd wiſh to gain,
Is—'Her moſt fav'rite ſlave:'
To bow to her, a greater bliſs wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power ſupreme
Let meaner ſouls aſpire;
To gain the ſov'reignty from them
I ſtoop not to deſire:
Give me to reign ſole monarch in her breaſt,
Let petty princes for the world conteſt.

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and exceſs,
Thus waſte the day, thus ſpend the night,
Whilſt I to joy ſublimer preſs:
Claſp'd in her ſnowy arms ſuch bliſs I'd prove,
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In ſhort I aſk you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleaſure give,
When health and ſtrength decays:
Let but what time I have be ſpent with her's,
Each moment will be worth a thouſand years.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jars,
Ye factious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy,
Shall their powers employ,
To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.
Anger shall ne'er presume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, shall never the union divide.
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters,
Love commencing,
Joys dispensing;
Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming;
Kissing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures!

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
Nor think that I am joking;
When she would, he cannot comply,
When he would drink she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
With fondly-folding arms:
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With riſing flames young Strephon burns,
And fain, would fain be doing:
But Chloe now, aſleep, or ſick,
Has no great reliſh for the trick,
And ſadly baulks his wooing,

O cruel and diſaſt'rous caſe,
When in the critical embrace
That only one is burning!
Dear Doctors, ſet this matter right,
Give Strephon ſpirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

A LADY'S SALUTATION.

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair ſcene; welcome, thou lov'd re-
From the vain hurry of the buſtling great, [treat,
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
My ſoul while nature's beauties feaſt mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative ſhall riſe.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waſte our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?
Dreſs, equipage, and ſhow, and pomp, and noiſe.
Alas! how taſteleſs theſe, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleaſures of this rural ſcene?

Come then ye ſhades, beneath your bending arms
Encloſe the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then ye bowers receive your joyful gueſt,
Glad to retire, and in retirement bleſt;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry ſweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling ſongs repeat,
And O deſcend to ſweeten all the reſt,
Soft ſmiling peace, in white rob'd virtue dreſt;
Content unenvious, eaſe with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:

Deign but in this fair ſcene with me to dwell,
All noiſe and nonſenſe, pomp and ſhow farewel.
And ſee! O ſee! the heaven-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happineſs is here.

VERSES

On the Author's firſt arrival at the Leaſowes, 1754.

"HOW ſhall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
"The ſource of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
"O'er the tranſlucent waters? Sure, unſeen,
"Some favouring power directs the happy lines
"That ſketch theſe beauties; ſwells the riſing hills,
"And ſcoops the dales, to nature's fineſt forms,
"Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
"By line or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair."
So Spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm: From diſtant plains
He ſought his Friend's abode; nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the ſwain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he purſu'd his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of theſe meads
"With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
"Of Paradiſe? What Naiad's guiding hand
"Leads through the broider'd vale, theſe lucid rills,
"That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
"Along their banks; and through the vocal ſhades,
"Improve the muſic of the woodland choir?
"What penſive Dryad rais'd yon ſolemn grove,
"Where minds contemplative, at cloſe of day
"Retiring, muſe o'er nature's various works.
"Her wonders venerate, or her ſweets enjoy—
"What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
"Preſiding, ſcatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
"In beauteous wildneſs, yon fair-ſpreading trees;
"And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
"And herds and bleating flocks, domeſtic fowl,
"And thoſe that ſwim the lake, ſees riſing round
"More pleaſing landſcapes than in Tempe's vale

" Peneus water'd. Yes, ſome Sylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied proſpect; waves the woods,
" Lifts the proud hills, and clears the ſhining lakes;
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſting torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots,
" And interwoven trees: till, ſoon abſorb'd,
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
" So vaniſh human glories! ſuch the pomp
" Of ſwelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
" Who fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage
" Of buſy life, and then are heard no more!
" Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And ſee the ſpells,
" The powerful incantations, magic verſe,
" Inſcrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn——
" Spells!—Incantations! ah, my tuneful friend!
" Thine are the numbers! thine the wond'rous work!
" Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
" And lightly weigh all ſorcery, but thine.
" No Naiad's leading ſtep conducts the rill;
" Nor Sylvan god preſiding ſkirts the lawn
" In beauteous wildneſs, with fair ſpreading trees;
" Nor magic wand has circumſcrib'd the ſcene,
" 'Tis thine own taſte, thy genius that preſides,
" Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
" More potent ſpells than they."—No more the ſwain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the ſocial dome.

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The ſage's wiſdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom, at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the uſeful friend:—
'Twas thus the muſe her eager flight began,
Ardent to ſing the poet and the man.
But truth in verſe is clad too like a lie,
And you, at leaſt, would think it flattery;
Hating the thought, I check my forward ſtrain,
I change my ſtyle, and thus begin again.

As when ſome ſtudent firſt with curious eye,
Through nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if this be juſt? if that be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs,
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs:
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he ſees;
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are juſt and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and deſign,
And the whole ſcheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at firſt I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purſue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This falſe, that ill expreſt, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I miſunderſtood.
But reading more attentive, ſoon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine ſound,
Saw man, a part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul."
Saw in the ſcale of things his middle ſtate,
And all his pow'rs adapted juſt to that.
Saw reaſon, paſſion, weakneſs, how of uſe,
How all to good, to happineſs conduce;

Saw my own weakneſs, thy ſuperior power,
And ſtill the more I read, admire the more.
This ſimile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming ſome deſign or plan,
To aid my muſe, and guide her wand'ring lay,
When ſudden to my mind came honeſt Gay,
For form or method I no more contend,
But ſtrive to copy that ingenious friend*
Like him to catch my thoughts juſt as they roſe—
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.
Where are ye now——ye critics, ſhall I ſay?
Or owls who ſicken at this god of day?
What! mighty ſcribblers, will you let him go
Uncenſur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd ſo?
Step forth, ſome great diſtinguiſh'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you ſilence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you muſt ſucceed;
He cannot anſwer——for he will not read.
Here paus'd the muſe—alas! the jade is bit,
She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.
She paus'd, indeed—broke off, as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.
Ye wits and fools, ye libertines and ſaints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.
Firſt, you who oft, with wiſdom too refin'd,
Can cenſure and direct th' Eternal Mind,
Ingenious wits, who modeſtly pretend
This bungling frame, the univerſe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reaſon's ſpight,
To hear him prove, "Whatever is, is right?"
Alas! how eaſy to confute the ſong!
If all is right, how came your heads ſo wrong?
And come, ye ſolemn fools, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never underſtand,
Pronounce it nonſenſe—Can't you prove it too?
Good faith, my friends, it may be ſo—to you.
Come, too, ye libertines, who luſt for power,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatneſs, or a whore;

* In his firſt epiſtle.

All who true ſenſual happineſs adhere to,
And laugh him out of his old-faſhion'd virtue;
Virtue, where he has whimſically plac'd
Your only bliſs—How odd is ſome men's taſte!
And come, ye rigid ſaints, with looks demure,
Who boaſt yourſelves right holy, juſt, and pure;
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
Which give your proud hypocriſy the lie:
Which own the beſt have failings, not a few!
And prove the worſt, ſometimes, as good as you.
What, ſhall he taint ſuch perfect ſouls with ill?
Shall ſots not place their bliſs in what they will?
Nor fools be fools? nor wits ſublime deſcend
In charity to heaven its works to mend!
Laughs he at theſe?—'tis monſtrous. To be plain,
I'd have ye write—he can but laugh again.
Here lifting up my head, ſurpris'd I ſee
Cloſe at my elbow, flattering vanity.
From her ſoft whiſpers ſoon I found it came,
That I ſuppos'd myſelf not one of them.
Alas! how eaſily ourſelves we ſooth!
I fear in juſtice he muſt laugh at both.
For vanity abaſh'd, up to my ear
Steps honeſt truth, and theſe ſharp words I hear;
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
"Alike to Pope ſuch cenſure and ſuch praiſe,
"Nor that can ſink, nor this exalt his name,
"Who owes to virtue and himſelf his fame."

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

WHENCE comes it L——, that ev'ry fool
In reaſon's ſpite, in ſpite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world diſdains,
Himſelf the only perſon bleſt with ſight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?
'Tis ſtrange from folly this conceit ſhould riſe,
That want of ſenſe ſhould make us think we're wiſe:

Yet ſo it is. The moſt egregious elf
Thinks none ſo wiſe or witty as himſelf.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can leaſt confute, will moſt contend.
I love the man, I love him from my ſoul,
Whom neither weakneſs blinds, nor whims control;
With learning bleſt, with ſolid reaſon fraught,
Who ſlowly thinks, and ponders every thought:
Yet conſcious to himſelf how apt to err,
Suggeſts his notions with a modeſt fear:
Hears every reaſon, every paſſion hides,
Debates with calmneſs, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth, his ſole purſuit.
But theſe are very rare. How happy he
Who taſtes ſuch converſe, L——, with thee!
Each ſocial hour is ſpent in joys ſublime,
Whilſt hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb,
Through reaſon's paths in ſearch of truth proceed,
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed!
Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous ſtranger ſtands reveal'd to ſight.
How far from this the furious noiſy crew,
Who, what they once aſſert, with zeal purſue?
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And ſtrength of argument from ſtrength of lungs,
Inſtead of ſenſe who ſtun your ears with ſound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing champion, ſtorms and ſwears,
And drives his argument though both your ears;
And whether truth or falſehood, right or wrong,
'Tis ſtill maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of tongue.
In all diſputes he bravely wins the day,
No wonder—for he hears not what you ſay.
But though to tire the ear's ſufficient curſe,
To tire one's patience is a plague ſtill worſe.
Plato, a former ſage, debates with care,
A ſtrong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool.
He looks ſo wiſe—'tis pity he's a fool.

If he aſſerts, though what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thouſand proofs to make it out.
This, this, and this—is ſo, and ſo, and ſo;
And therefore, therefore—that, and that, you know,
Circles no angles have; a ſquare has four:
A ſquare's no circle therefore—to be ſure.
The ſum of Plato's wond'rous wiſdom is,
This is not that, and, therefore, that not this.
Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The firſt for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.
In fire no heat, no ſweetneſs in the roſe;
The man's impos'd on by his very noſe;
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his ſenſes lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's poſſeſs'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
Aſk him if he's a man, or beaſt, or bird,
He cannot tell, upon his honeſt word.
'Tis ſtrange ſo plain a point's ſo hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.
Another claſs of diſputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
Theſe are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in looſe harangues, all out of joint.
Vagarious, and confute him if you can,
Will hold debate with any mortal man,
He roves from Geneſis to Revelations,
And quite confounds you with divine quotations,
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge loſt the tree of life;
He contradicts you, and, in half an hour,
Moſt plainly proves—Pope Joan, the ſcarlet whore.
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent maſs of words;
Moſt of them true, but ſo together toſt,
Without connection, that their ſenſe is loſt.
But, leaving theſe to rove, and thoſe to doubt,
Another clan alarms us; face about:

See, arm'd with grave authority, they come,
And with great names and numbers ſtrike us dumb.
With theſe an error ven'rable appears,
For having been believ'd three thouſand years.
Reaſon, nay common ſenſe, to names muſt fall,
And ſtrength of argument's no ſtrength at all.
But on, my muſe, though multitudes oppoſe us,
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noſes:
Nor fear, though ancient ſages are ſubjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, though told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
Plato and Ariſtotle were but men.
I grant 'em wiſe—the wiſeſt diſagree,
And therefore no ſufficient guides for me.
An error, though by half the world eſpous'd,
Is ſtill an error, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, though much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Is ſtill the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
How fooliſh then will look your mighty wiſe,
Should half their *ipſe dixits* prove plain lies!
But on, my muſe, another tribe demands
Thy cenſure yet: nor ſhould they 'ſcape thy hands,
Theſe are the paſſionate, who in diſpute
Demand ſubmiſſion, monarchs abſolute.
Sole judges in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all thoſe for fools that won't ſubmit,
Sir Teſty (thwart Sir Teſty if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every ſtar.
If you preſume to ſay this mayn't be true,
You lie, Sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.
What he aſſerts, if any diſbelieve,
How folks can be ſo dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;
But men are ſo perverſe they will not hear.
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
In Young no wit, no humour ſmiles in Gay.
Nor truth nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page,
And Thomſon's liberty corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare preſume,
Fool, coxcomb, ſot, and puppy fill the room.

Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
Reſolv'd one day his folly to expoſe,
Kindly invites him with ſome friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roaſt ſirloin:
Of this he knew Sir Teſty could ntot eat,
And purpoſely prepar'd it for his reat.
The reſt begin—"Sir Teſty pray fall to—
"You love roaſt beef, Sir, come—I know you do."
"Excuſe me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat."
"How, Sir! not love roaſt beef! the king of meat!"
"'Tis true indeed."—"Indeed it is not true;
"I love it, Sir, and you muſt love it too.
"I can't upon my word."—"Then you're a fool,
"And don't know what's good eating, by my ſoul.
"Not love roaſt beef!—come, come, ſirs, fill his plate,
"I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d d—ye, eat."
Sir Teſty, finding what it was they meant,
Roſe in a paſſion, and away he went.

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK.

AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

FORGIVE me, Duck, that ſuch a muſe as mine,
Brings her weak aid to the ſupport of thine;
In lines, which if the world ſhould chance to ſee,
They'd find I pleaded for myſelf—in thee.
Yet ſome indulgence ſure they ought to ſhow
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;
Unſkill'd in art, unexercis'd to ſing;
I've juſt but taſted the Pierian ſpring:
But though my ſtock of learning yet is low;
Though yet my numbers don't harmonious flow;
I fain would hope it won't be always ſo.
The morning ſun emits a ſtronger ray,
Still as he riſes tow'rds meridian day,
Large hills at firſt obſtruct the oblique beam,
And dark'ning ſhadows ſhoot along the gleam;
Impending miſts yet hover in the air,
And diſtant objects undiſtinct appear.
But, as he riſes in the eaſtern ſky,
The ſhadows ſhrink, the conquer'd vapours fly,

Objects their proper forms and colours gain
In all her various beauties shines the enlighten'd plain.
So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain;
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,
Which brightens and increases with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,
Dark mists of error melt and brighten into truth.
Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue so.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender muses, learning how to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow sublime.
The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay;
Virgil wrote not his Æneid in a day:
Nor is't impossible a time might be,
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a pantry, nor a barn:
Yet they, as well as we, by slow degrees
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease.
Have you not seen? Yes, oft you must have seen
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The tim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest,
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;
From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.
But as their strength and feathers more increase,
Short flights they take, and fly with greater ease:
Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,
Forsake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire?
Transported thence, with strong and steady wing,
They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.
So you and I, just naked from the shell
In chirping notes our future singing tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,
Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill:

Our flights are low, and want of art and ſtrength,
Forbids to carry us to the wiſh'd-for length.
But fledg'd, and cheriſh'd with a kindly ſpring,
We'll mount the ſummit, and melodious ſing.

TO RICHES.

Humbly inſcribed to the Right Hon. ——

TO ſuccour all whom grief or care oppreſs,
To raiſe neglected merit from diſtreſs,
The dying arts t' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative.
Theſe all the wiſe and good with joy purſue,
And thouſands feel, and bleſs their power in you.
But ſtay, my muſe, nor raſhly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verſe is praiſe. Conſider—very few
Can juſtly ſay one ſingle line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his juſt credentials, duke or lord:
An honeſt line prefer to a polite,
So ſhall thy praiſe no conſcious bluſh excite.
But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H——r;
So praiſe than ſatire aſks a nicer touch;
But finiſh'd well, there's nothing charms ſo much.
A ſhining character, when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilſt it pleaſes, wins the heart.
Mecænas firſt the noble liſt ſhall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the firſt place.
O dear to every muſe! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! ſupporter of deſert!
Is there a man, though poor, deſpis'd, oppreſt,
Yet whoſe ſuperior genius ſhines confeſt.
Whether the uſeful arts his ſoul inſpire,
Or the politer muſe's ſacred fire,
Learning and arts t' encourage and extend
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.

Wealth thus beſtow'd, returns in laſting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.
Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who ſhows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though bleſt with plenty, eaſe, and health,
His every want ſupply'd from boundleſs wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his ſoul o'erflows
To ſee, or hear, or think on others woes.
Is there a wretch with pinching want oppreſt?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breaſt.
Does any languiſh under dire diſeaſe?
Carus preſcribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has ſad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And ſome expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loſs his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His ſoul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderneſs! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to ſympathiſe, and give relief.
Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at intereſt in the bank of heaven.
"But where's the advantage then," will Corvus ſay,
"If wealth is only lent to give away?"
Corvus, were that the ſole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the pow'r to give!
Thou canſt not feel it: True, 'tis too divine
For ſuch a ſelfiſh narrow ſoul as thine.
Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hoſpitality inclin'd;
His ponds with fiſh, with fowl his woods are ſtor'd,
Inviting plenty ſmiles upon his board:
Eaſy and free, his friends his fortune ſhare,
E'en travelling ſtrangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domeſtics, all enjoy their parts,
He in return poſſeſſes all their hearts.
Who, fooliſh Corvus, who but thee will ſay,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?
Is then the noble privilege to give,
The ſole advantage we from wealth receive!

Whilſt other's wants or merits we ſupply,
Have we ourſelves no title to enjoy?
Doubtleſs you have. A thouſand different ways
Wealth may be ſelf-enjoy'd, and all with praiſe.
Whom truth and reaſon guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his deſires.
But ſhould pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool?
The muſe forbids. She only gives to ſenſe
The dangerous province to contrive expence.
Marcus in ſumptuous buildings takes delight,
His houſe, his gardens charm the raviſh'd ſight:
With beauty uſe, with grandeur neatneſs joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis coſtly: true, but who can blame th' expence
"Where ſplendour borrows all her rays from ſenſe?"
Sylvio retirement loves; ſmooth cryſtal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods
Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his ſoul, and charms his ear.
In ſhady walks, in groves, in ſecret bowers,
Plann'd by himſelf he ſpends the peaceful hours:
Here ſerious thought purſues her thread ſerene,
No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious ſilence aids th' attentive mind,
The God of nature in his works to find.
If this t' enjoy affords him moſt delight,
Who ſays that Sylvio is not in the right?
Publius in curious paintings wealth conſumes,
The beſt, the fineſt hands adorn his rooms;
Various deſigns, from each enliven'd wall,
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and ſomething charms in all.
Here well-drawn landſkips to the mind convey
A ſmiling country, or a ſtormy ſea;
Towns, houſes, trees, diverſify the plain,
And ſhips in danger fright us from the main.
There the paſt actions of illuſtrious men,
In ſtrong deſcription charm the world again:
Love, anger, grief, in different ſcenes are wrought,
All its juſt paſſions animates the draught.

But ſee new charms break in a flood of day,
See loves and graces on the canvas play:
Beauty's imagin'd ſmiles our boſom warm,
And light and ſhade retains the power to charm.
Who cenſures Publius, or condemns his coſt,
Muſt wiſh the noble art of painting loſt.
Whilſt Publius thus his taſte in painting ſhows,
Critus admires her ſiſter art, the muſe.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau
Teach in his breaſt poetic warmth to glow.
From theſe inſtructed, and from theſe inſpir'd,
Critus for taſte and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his ſentence draw their hopes and fears.
Hail, judge impartial! noble critic hail!
In this thy day, good writing muſt prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they ſhould,
Pleaſe and improve us, makes us wiſe and good.
Thus bleſs'd with wealth, his genius each purſues,
In building, planting, painting, or the muſe.
O envy'd power!—But you'll object, and ſay
How few employ it in this envy'd way?
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: but they give him power, if once he would:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Miſers, in ſpite of wealth, are miſers ſtill.
It is for gold the lawleſs villain ſpoils!
'Tis for the ſame the honeſt lab'rer toils.
Does wealth to ſloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to induſtry, to art:
Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppreſs,
But ſome, whom heaven reward, delight to bleſs!
Then blame not gold that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but ſeldom will pervert.

ODES.

MELPOMENE:

OR THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whoſe command
The ſwelling tides of mighty paſſion riſe;
Melpomene, ſupport my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy ſuppliant in his bold empriſe;
From the gay ſcenes of pride
Do thou his footſteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurſt of yore,
Young Shakſpeare, Fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the ſource,
To few reveal'd, whence human ſorrows charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror ſhake us or compaſſion warm,
As different ſtrains control
The movements of the ſoul;
Adjuſt its paſſions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for other's woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a ſhadowy grove,
'Mid broken rocks, where daſhing currents play;
Dear to the penſive pleaſures, dear to love,
And Damon's muſe, that breathes her melting lay,
This ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the ſecret ſhade,
As conſcious of ſome heavenly preſence, ſhook, [ſook.
Strength, firmneſs, reaſon, all—my aſtoniſh'd ſoul for-

Ah! whither goddeſs! whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic ſhore,
Theſe panics whence? and why my boſom torn
With ſudden terrors never felt before?
Darkneſs enwraps me round,
While from the vaſt profound

Emerging ſpectres dreadful ſhapes aſſume,
And gleaming on my ſight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whoſe fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?
Whoſe boiſterous fury blows a ſtorm ſo high
As with its thunder ſhakes his labouring frame.
What can ſuch rage provoke?
His words their paſſage choke:
His eager ſteps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddeſs! whence that fearful ſhriek
Of conſternation? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on ſome guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood ſhrunk diſmay'd:
Ah, ſee! beſmeared with gore,
Revenge ſtands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whoſe retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the ſpace—abandon'd to deſpair,
With eyes aghaſt, or hopeleſs fix'd on earth,
This ſlave of paſſion rends his ſcatter'd hair,
Beats his ſad breaſt, and execrates his birth:
While torn within, he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And ſees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frighted ſoul to realms of endleſs woe.

Before my wondering ſenſe new phantoms dance,
And ſtamp their horrid ſhapes upon my brain—
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes aſkance,
Feeds all in ſecret on his boſom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate aſſail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conſcious pride and ſhame with rage conſpire,
And urge the latent ſpark to flames of torturing fire.

The ſtorm proceeds—his changeful viſage trace:
From rage to madneſs every feature breaks.

A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful ſtare diſtraction ſpeaks.
His ſtraw-inveſted head
Proclaims all reaſon fled;
And not a tear bedews thoſe vacant eyes— [ſighs.
But ſongs and ſhouts ſucceed, and laughter-mingled

Yet, yet again!—a murderer's hand appears
Graſping a pointed dagger ſtain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkeſt clouds
The dreary miſcreant ſhrouds
His felon ſtep—as 'twere to darkneſs given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow ſound?
Why with ſtrange horror ſtarts my briſtling hair?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghoſt ſlow-riſing ſteals on air.
To where a mangled corſe
Expos'd without remorſe
Lies ſhroudleſs, unentomb'd, he points the way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

"Was it for this," he cries, "with kindly ſhower
"Of daily gifts the traitor I careſs'd?
"For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
"And lodg'd my royal ſecrets in his breaſt?
"O kindneſs ill-repay'd!
"To bare the murdering blade
"Againſt my life!—may heaven his guilt explore,
"And to my ſuffering race their ſplendid rights reſtore."

He ſaid, and ſtalk'd away—Ah goddeſs! ceaſe
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
Theſe horrid phantoms ſhake the throne of peace,
And reaſon calls her boaſted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops diſband,
And gentler ſhapes, and ſofter ſcenes diſcloſe,
To melt the feeling heart, yet ſooth its tendereſt woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous ſound,
Her ebon gates of darkneſs open flew;
A downing twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terror vaniſhes from view.
More mild enchantments riſe;
New ſcenes ſalute my eyes,
Groves, fountains, bowers and temples grace the plain,
And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

And every myrtle bower and cypreſs grove,
And every ſolemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the ſcene with fond but hapleſs love,
There, with the deeper woes of humar ſtriſe
In groups around the lawn,
By freſh diſaſters drawn,
The ſad ſpectators ſeem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying ſighs are heard, and heart-felt ſorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears ſhe bathes a lover dead,
In brave aſſertion of her honour ſlain.
Her boſom heaves with ſighs;
To heaven ſhe lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppreſt,
Sinks on the lifeleſs corſe, and dies upon his breaſt.

How ſtrong the bands of friendſhip? yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower, with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremoſt in her ſacred claſs,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!
What could ſuch fury move!
Ah what, but ill-ſtar'd love!
The ſame fair object each fond heart enthralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapleſs victim falls.

Can ought ſo deeply ſway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female truſt in love?
Then, what relief ſhall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who ſhould her plaints remove?
By fair, but falſe pretence,
She loſt her innocence;

And that ſweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Claſp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aſpire?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form ſo graceful e'en in mean attire,
Sway'd once a ſceptre, once ſuſtain'd a crown.
From filial rage and ſtrife,
To ſcreen his cloſing life,
He quits his throne, a father's ſorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the penſive queen
Appears conſeſt before my dazzled ſight,
Grace in her ſteps, and ſoftneſs in her mien,
The face of ſorrow mingled with delight.
Not ſuch her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cauſe, her zeal aſpires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into ſilence, my rapt ſoul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, ſaw my fear;
And, as with grace ineffable ſhe bends,
Theſe accents vibrate on my liſtening ear.
" Aſpiring ſon of art,
" Know, though thy feeling heart
" Glow with theſe wonders to thy fancy ſhown;
" Still may the Delian god thy powerleſs toils diſown.

" A thouſand tender ſcenes of ſoft diſtreſs
" May ſwell thy breaſt with ſympathetic woes!
" A thouſand ſuch dread forms on fancy preſs,
" As from my dreary realms of darkneſs roſe;
" Whence Shakſpeare's chilling fears,
" Whence Otway's melting tears—
" That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
" The types of every theme that ſuits the tragic ſtrain.

" But doſt thou worſhip nature night and morn,
" And all due honour to her precepts pay?

" Canſt thou the lure of affectation ſcorn,
" Pleas'd in the ſimpler paths of truth to ſtay?
" Haſt thou the graces fair
" Invok'd with ardent prayer?
" 'Tis they attire, as nature muſt impart,
" The ſentiments ſublime, the language of the heart.

" Then, if creative genius pour his ray,
" Warm with the inſpiring influence on thy breaſt;
" Taſte, judgment, fancy, if thou canſt diſplay,
" And the deep ſource of paſſion ſtand confeſt:
" Then may the liſtening train,
" Affected, feel thy ſtrain;
" Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
" Change with the varying ſcenes, and every ſcene approve."

Humbled before her ſight, and bending low,
I kiſs'd the borders of her crimſon veſt;
Eager to ſpeak, I felt my boſom glow,
But fear upon my lip her ſeal impreſt.
While awe-ſtruck thus I ſtood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celeſtial, fading on my ſight,
Diſſolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

TO ſcourge the riot and intemperate luſt,
Or check the ſelf-ſufficient pride of man
Offended Heaven ſet forth, in vengeance juſt,
The dire inexorable fury, pain;
Beneath whoſe griping hand, when ſhe aſſails,
The firmeſt ſpirits ſink, the ſtrongeſt reaſoning fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound receſs,
Her courts ſhe holds; and to the ſons of men
Sends out the miniſters of dire diſtreſs:
Repentance, ſhame, deſpair, each acts her part,
Whets the vindictive ſteel, and aggravates the ſmart.

He, whoſe luxurious palate daily rag'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to ſupply his board;
And to high-reliſh'd poiſons madly chang'd
The wholeſome gifts of nature's bounteous lord:
Shall find ſick nauſeous ſurfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd ſtomach lothe the daintieſt food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorſe enſues, and agony of ſoul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaſeleſs pain:
Gout, fever, ſtone, to madneſs heighten grief,
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief;

He whoſe hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to ſeek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, ſhall in his face deſcry
The mark indelible of foul diſgrace:
Ulcers obſcene corrode his aching bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt ſighs and groans.

The wild extravagant, whoſe thoughtleſs hand,
With laviſh taſteleſs pride, commits expence,
Ruin'd, perceives his waining age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies paſt,
Preſenting hollow want, fit ſucceſſor to waſte.

He too, whoſe high preſuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of heaven to pull him down;
Who ſlights the care and caution of the wiſe,
Nor fears hot ſummer's rage, nor winter's frown:
Some trifling ail ſhall ſeize this mighty man,
Blaſt all his boaſted ſtrength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper puniſhment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by phyſical prevent:
In wrath ſtill gracious; claiming ſtill our praiſe,
E'en in thoſe very groans our chaſtiſements ſhall raiſe.

But leſt the feeble heart of ſuffering man
Too low ſhould ſink beneath the keen diſtreſs;
Leſt fell deſpair, in league with cruel pain,
Should drive him deſperate in their wild exceſs;
Kind Hope her daughter Patience ſent from high,
To eaſe the labouring breaſt, and wipe the trickling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm Patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whoſe firm breath,
And ſtrong perſuaſive eloquence prevail
Againſt the rage of pain, the fear of death:
Come, lenient beauty, ſpread thy healing wing,
And ſmooth my reſtleſs couch, whilſt I thy praiſes ſing.

In all this toilſome round of weary life,
Where dullneſs teazes or pert noiſe aſſails;
Where trifling follies end in ſerious ſtrife,
And money purchaſes where merit fails;
What honeſt ſpirit would not riſe in rage,
If patience lent not aid his paſſion to aſſuage?

No ſtate of life but muſt to patience bow:
The tradeſman muſt have patience for his bill;
He muſt have patience who to law will go;
And, ſhould he loſe his right, more patience ſtill;
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a ſtrife,
How oft, how long muſt man have patience with his wife.

But heaven grant patience to the wretched wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and boluſſes aſſail!
Which he muſt ſwallow down with all his might;
E'en then, when health, and ſtrength, and ſpirits fail.
Dear doctors find ſome gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wandering round and round her theme,
Till loſt and puzzled ſhe all theme forgets;
Yet ſtill talks on with unabating ſpeed;
Good gods! who hears her out muſt patience have indeed.

So when ſome grave, deep-learned, ſound divine,
Aſcends the pulpit, and unfolds his text;
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every ſentence more and more perplex'd;
Yet ſtill he blunders on the ſame blind courſe,
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a ſmile?
Then with a whiſper'd promiſe in his ear,
Wait its accompliſhment a long, long while;
Yet through the bounds of patience if he burſt,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accompliſh'd firſt.

O patience! guardian of the temper'd breaſt,
Againſt the inſolence of pride and power;
Againſt the wit's keen ſneer, the fool's dull jeſt;
Againſt the boaſter's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whoſe firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I ſing.

SONGS.

COLIN'S KISSES.

THE TUTOR.

COME, my faireſt, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliſs;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll inſtruct thee how to kiſs.
Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that bluſh and downcaſt eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waiſt;
And whilſt I devour thy charms,
Let me cloſely be embrac'd:
Then when ſoft ideas riſe,
And the gay deſires grow ſtrong;
Let them ſparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breaſt with rapture cling,
Look with tranſport on my face,
Kiſs me, preſs me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.
Every tender name of love,
In ſoft whiſpers let me hear;
And let ſpeaking nature prove
Every ecſtaſy ſincere.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I ſaw as ſhe tipt o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, ſoft, artleſs, and kind:
Fond love in her eyes, wit and ſenſe in her mein,
And warmneſs with modeſty join'd:
Tranſported with ſudden amazement I ſtood,
Faſt rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate ſhape, eaſy motion I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
What raptures muſt dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feaſt, on her breaſt I could die,
O Fanny! how ſweet are thy charms!
Whilſt thus in idea my paſſion I fed,
Soft tranſport my ſenſes invade,
Young Damon ſtepp'd up, with the ſubſtance he fled.
And left me to kiſs the dear ſhade.

THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely ruby lips to mine;
To the bee the flow'ry field
Such a banquet does not yield;
Not the dewy morning roſe
So much ſweetneſs does encloſe;
Not the gods ſuch nectar ſip,
As Colin from thy balmy lip:
Kiſs me then, with rapture kiſs,
We'll ſurpaſs the gods in bliſs.

THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a moſſy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay repoſing,
O'er her breaſt each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its ſweets diſcloſing:
Tempted with the ſwelling charms,
Colin, happy ſwain, drew nigh her,
Softly ſtole into her arms,
Laid his ſcrip and ſheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breaſt
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he preſt,
In the ecſtaſy of loving;
Chloe waken'd with his kiſs,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cry'd, true lovers ſhare the bliſs?
Why then, Colin, would you ſteal it?

THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms:
Let me taſte again thy charms;
Kiſs me, preſs me, to thy breaſt,
In raptures not to be expreſt.

Let me claſp thy lovely waiſt;
Throw thy arms around my neck;
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing ſhall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleaſure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladneſs flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts ſhall ſhow,
Th' exceſs of joy that meeting lovers know.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiſs before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we ſever, my fond heart
Till we meet ſhall pant with you.
Yet, yet weep not ſo, my love,
Let me kiſs that falling tear,
Though my body muſt remove,
All my ſoul will ſtill be here.
All my ſoul, and all my heart,
And every wiſh ſhall pant for you;
One kind kiſs then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

THE BORROWED KISS.

SEE I languiſh, ſee I faint,
I muſt borrow, beg, or ſteal;
Can you ſee a ſoul in want,
And no kind compaſſion feel?
Give, or lend, or let me take,
One ſweet kiſs, I aſk no more;
One ſweet kiſs, for pity's ſake,
'll repay it o'er ando'er.

Chloe heard, and with a ſmile,
Kind compaſſionate and ſweet,
Colin, 'tis a ſin to ſteal,
And for me to give's not meet:
But I'll lend a kiſs or twain,
To poor Colin in diſtreſs;
Not that I'd be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing leſs.

THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiſs,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas ſo ſweet, ſo fraught with bliſs,
Thouſands will not pay that one.

Leſt the debt ſhould break your heart,
Roguiſh Chloe ſmiling cries,
Come, a hundred then in part,
For the preſent ſhall ſuffice.

THE SECRET KISS.

AT the ſilent evening hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower,
Sought their mutual bliſs;
Though her heart was juſt relenting,
Though her eyes ſeem'd juſt conſenting,
Yet ſhe fear'd to kiſs.

Since this ſecret ſhade, he cry'd,
Will thoſe roſy bluſhes hide,
Why will you reſiſt?
When no tell-tale ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Who would not be kiſs'd?

Molly hearing what he ſaid,
Bluſhing lifted up her head,
Her breaſt ſoft wiſhes fill;
Since, ſhe cry'd, no ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor hear can hear us,
Kiſs—or what you will.

THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear boſom lying,
Cælia, who can ſpeak my bliſs?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiſs?
Every look with love inſpires me,
Every touch my boſom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

Thoſe dear eyes, how ſoft they languiſh!
Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the tranſport is ſo ſweet.
Look not ſo divinely on me,
Cælia, I ſhall die with bliſs;
Yet, yet turn thoſe eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

THE RECONCILING KISS.

WHY that ſadneſs on thy brow?
Why that ſtarting cryſtal tear?
Deareſt Polly, let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear.
Polly with a ſigh reply'd,
What need I the cauſe impart?
Did you not this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as ſhe ſpoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms:
O my dear! that tender look,
Every paſſion quite diſarms:
By this dear relenting kiſs,
I'd no anger in my thought:
Come, my love, by this, and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot.

As when ſudden ſtormy rain,
Every drooping flowret ſpoils;

When the ſun ſhines out again,
All the face of nature ſmiles:
Polly, ſo reviv'd and cheer'd
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head uprear'd,
Sweetly ſmiling in his face.

THE MUTUAL KISS.

CÆLIA, by thoſe ſmiling graces,
Which my panting boſom warm;
By the heaven of thy embraces,
By thy wond'rous pow'r to charm;
By thoſe ſoft bewitching glances,
Which my inmoſt boſom move;
By thoſe lips, whoſe kiſs entrances,
Thee, and thee alone I love.

By thy god-like art of loving,
Cælia with a bluſh, replies;
By thy heavenly power of moving,
All my ſoul to ſympathize!
By thy eager fond careſſes,
By thoſe arms around me thrown;
By that look, which truth expreſſes,
My found heart is all thy own.

Thus with glowing inclination,
They indulge the tender bliſs;
And to bind the laſting paſſion,
Seal it with a mutual kiſs.
Cloſe, in fond embraces, lying,
They together ſeem to grow;
Such ſupreme delight enjoying,
As true lovers only know.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

A SONG.

BENEATH the myrtle's ſecret ſhade,
When Delia bleſt my eyes;
At firſt I view'd the lovely maid
In ſilent ſoft ſurpriſe.
With trembling voice and anxious mind
I ſoftly whiſper'd love;
She bluſh'd a ſmile ſo ſweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.
Her lovely yielding form I preſt,
Sweet maddening kiſſes ſtole;
And ſoon her ſwimming eyes confeſt
The wiſhes of her ſoul:
In wild tumultuous bliſs, I cry,
O Delia, now be kind!
She preſs'd me cloſe, and with a ſigh,
To melting joys reſign'd.

SONG.

MAN'S a poor deluded bubble,
Wandering in a miſt of lies:
Seeing falſe or ſeeing double,
Who would truſt to ſuch weak eyes?
Yet preſuming on his ſenſes,
On he goes moſt wond'rous wiſe:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
Loſt in error, lives and dies.

EPIGRAMS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by the word "one Prior," in the ſecond volume of Biſhop Burnet's Hiſtory.

ONE Prior! and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' hiſtorian can claim!
No; Prior's verſe poſterity ſhall quote,
When 'tis forgot one Burnet ever wrote.

AN EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reaſon can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

There are no women he reply'd:
She quick returns the jeſt—
Women there are, but, I'm afraid,
They cannot find a prieſt.

THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jeſter in their courts admit?
They're grown ſuch ſtately ſolemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jeſter lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honeſt jeſter's place.

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